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The Nation

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"Although I am aware that there is rarely allowed a 'come-back' to the observations of a book reviewer, yet since the erudite critic who reviewed my ART OF THE BERLIN GALLERIES for once seems to have nodded—even as Homer did—justice demands a protest against the 'small errors and misleading statements' of which he is guilty, while imputing these to me.

"With caustic incredulity he exclaims: 'Fra Angelico is a *piagnone*.' So he was, a spiritual leader in the Savonarola movement. Vasari's description of him as such has impressed itself upon the minds of twelve generations of readers; and Langton Douglas well says: 'Owing, then, to a variety of cases, the *piagnone* view of Fra Angelico still holds the field.'

"I cannot lay claim to being the first to mention that 'Masaccio was murdered in a Roman street.' Six years ago Dr. Paul Shubring, of Berlin, published this detail.

"The story that Giorgione died from grief at the desertion of a fickle beauty is not so absurd as it is to call it so. Anyway, it does not 'receive credence' in the text, but is bracketed: 'it is said.'

"The reviewer apparently confuses Van der Weyden's altarpiece of the Virgin with the 'Descent of the Cross,' which is a copy, as stated. The Mary altarpiece has even been identified as one ordered by Pope Martin V, and carried by the Emperor Charles V on many of his travels.

"The number of genuine Botticellis in the Berlin Museum is of course an open question of critical opinion, as much so as the number of Raphaels in the Louvre.

"The Raphael tapestries are intentionally also called carpets, to indicate the primary use to which these fabrics were put—a fact often overlooked by, or unknown to, art writers

"A Cathedral is a *Dom*, in German—too many italics are such a nuisance.

"Thanks for the Thoré correction—a lamentable lapse, but Boston was not to blame.

"And now as to the sumptuous summary of the whole book as an 'odd gallimaufry.' 'Discursive scholarship'—that sounds good; 'vigorous taste'—better yet; 'cheap and inaccurate English'—oh me, oh my! I know I have never been able to acquire schoolmaster English, but might that 'personal tang unusual in such compilations' not cover some of my stylistic sins? Not all people like George Meredith. Very truly yours, D. C. PREYER."

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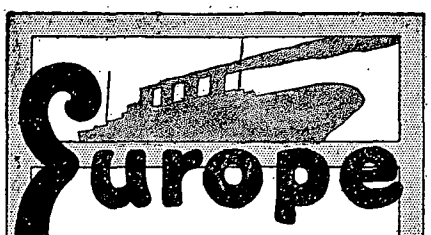

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1912.

The Week

After Ohio, no cool observer doubted that Roosevelt would carry the New Jersey primaries, though the clean sweep which he made on Tuesday was beyond the hopes of his most ardent supporters. They had privately conceded Taft six or eight of the twenty-eight delegates, but it now appears that he will have not more than two, if, indeed, the complete returns give him any. It is a most impressive series of popular victories which Roosevelt has now scored. Since Illinois, the whole card-house has fallen in a heap for him. With the exception of New Hampshire, and the drawn battle in Massachusetts, he has won every State primary, marching on from triumph to triumph. We suppose that no one will now question that if the New York primaries were to be held over again, he would be easily victorious in this State also. Such is the effect of political psychology, success breeding success. On the face of things, the opponents of Roosevelt still have more delegates in the Chicago Convention than he has; but they can be under no delusion regarding the nature of the assault which he will now make upon the delegations from the Southern States, or the high probability that he will soon be loading up his band wagon with them.

As the only way to fight Roosevelt is to fight him, and not run away when he makes threats, the decision of Senator Root to accept the offer of the temporary chairmanship at Chicago is good tactics. If the other side desires to join battle on that preliminary issue, well and good. It will be noted that Mr. Roosevelt has not yet ventured to attack Mr. Root personally. Upon nearly every other leading Republican opposed to him he has poured out his vitriol, but Root has so far been spared, though the intimation has been given that he has hurt the Colonel's feelings. Of course, if Mr. Roosevelt decides to make a fight upon Root, the latter will at once be described as one who has been consistently a corrupt tool of the corporations and the bosses—except at the times when he was working with and for Theodore Roosevelt, when he was, by definition, one of our ablest and most patriotic citizens. But we imagine that the Colonel will do a bit of thinking before he gives the signal for war upon Root as temporary chairman. He would scarcely like to begin by advertising it to the country that his campaign involves proscription of the men of brains whom he and his party have hitherto delighted to honor.

You never can tell about what charge the Colonel will show himself sensitive. The other day he grew quite excited, for one ordinarily so calm, at the assertion that his seven years in the Presidency had been a time of such extravagance that he left a Treasury deficit behind him. This is singular. He passed over attacks upon his honor, upon his truthfulness, upon his fair dealing, in order to resent with indignation the charge that during his Administration public expenditures had been lavish. But this is the one subject about which Mr. Roosevelt has never seemed to care a straw. The facts are of record. One has only to look at the Government's own "Statistical Abstract" to see how enormously the budget grew while Roosevelt was President. Moreover, during all that time no urgent plea for prudence in appropriating money ever came from him. Cleveland was always hammering away on the duty of economizing, but Roosevelt never did. Taft has again and again written messages and suggested schemes in behalf of saving the people's funds, but this was certainly not carrying out a Roosevelt policy, for there never was a Roosevelt policy on this subject. Indeed, the most significant utterance about it which Roosevelt ever made as President was his assertion, even when the Treasury was embarrassed, that this Government had never found any difficulty in getting all the money it really wanted to spend. That was the characteristic flush and hang-the-expense attitude which he maintained throughout, yet now the man is pained at being told that he was extravagant!

Friends of Woodrow Wilson have reason to be encouraged by recent gains. In Ohio, the vote for the New Jersey Governor was surprisingly large, all things considered, and gave him a quarter of the delegates. They, however, under the unit rule, will all be for Harmon on the first ballot. But the demonstration of Wilson's strength with the Ohio Democrats remains impressive. Even more marked was the favor shown him in the Virginia Convention last week. Though that State's delegates go to Baltimore uninstructed, it is known that most of them are for Wilson. These additions to his list are not numerically great, but they indicate a significant change in the course of the campaign developments. For one thing, they show that the quiet combination of all the other candidates against Wilson is no longer working effectively. In spite of it he is making headway. Another point to fix attention upon is the checking of the drift to Champ Clark. The movement for the Speaker was helped along at first by many who did not delude themselves with the idea that Clark was either a fit nominee or could possibly win in the Convention, but who thought of him as a convenient means of heading off Wilson. But now they are alarmed at their own success. They are getting a clearer notion of the great emergency which will confront the Democrats at Baltimore, and are well aware that Champ Clark would be ridiculous as the man put forward to meet it. This feeling, growing more intense every day, partly accounts for the slowing up of the Clark boom. Wilson is at least a candidate to be seriously considered by his party.

Senator Crane's announcement of his retirement is not unexpected. It has been evident for some time past that there would be the strongest kind of opposition to his reëlection. We do not, however, believe that this fact alone dictated his withdrawal from the Senate. The truth is that he has not been happy in his position for some time past. Many of his most intimate friends in the Senate have retired, and he has found little in the new trend of our political life to sympathize with. The changed attitude towards him of public opinion in Massachusetts is significant of the altered political conditions throughout the coun-

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try. Mr. Crane was admittedly one of the very best Governors Massachusetts ever had. This is conceded by friends and foes alike. When he was first elected to the Senate, the entire State was satisfied and pleased with his selection. Now, however, he appears to thousands as a reactionary, an ally of "big business," one who is not progressive, and, therefore, there would have been a tremendous effort to defeat him for re-election. That he is one of the ablest Senators and one of the most influential goes without saying. Yet he never makes a speech, and has always done his work chiefly behind the scenes.

What effect the withdrawal of Senator Crane will have upon Senator Lodge is one of the questions which will from now on be much discussed in Massachusetts. That Senator Lodge ought to be retired is obvious; his present ridiculous position astride the fence has made him the butt of many jokes. That he could not win in a State-wide primary is also plain. In this era of machine-smashing, his machinery would be a shining mark. Should Mr. Roosevelt be reëlected and Senator Lodge be forgiven for his failure to enter the lists for the Colonel, there are those who believe that he would be Secretary of State to Mr. Roosevelt, which fate may Heaven forfend.

Complications developed by the Presidential primaries in various States show how difficult it is to frame efficient machinery for executing the popular will under our elaborate system of nominating and electing Presidents. Unless an exacter method can be devised, we are in danger of seeing the people's will reversed at times, in spite of endeavors to induce them to record it with their own hands. After the primaries have passed into history, however, the popular vote must still run the gantlet of interpretation in the electoral colleges. It is well known that in Wisconsin the electors in 1901 signed a certificate in which the State's vote was given for Garret A. Hobart, then already dead, for Vice-President, a not too intelligent copyist having transferred it literally from a certificate of 1897 which had been given him as a guide to the form of the new document. Fortunately, the error was discovered before it was too late. This incident recalls an earlier one which might have changed the whole current of our political history. In 1832 the Democrats of Pennsylvania pledged their candidates for electors to vote for William Wilkins for Vice-President, but sent a delegation to the Baltimore Convention who voted for Van Buren and helped to nominate him. The electors stood true to their pledge, although theirs were the only votes cast on the decisive ballot for their candidate. Had the Clay Presidential ticket mustered the strength at the polls which its supporters predicted for it, the thirty votes of Pennsylvania's electors might have defeated Van Buren for Vice-President and prevented his promotion to the Presidency four years later.

Senator Lorimer, it is reported, will fight. Ajax will defy the lightning. All the blandishments of "Sunny Jim" have failed to make the Illinois politician see the beauty of surrendering a seat that has apparently been bought and paid for, and he will force his colleagues to perform the distasteful task of declaring his title to it invalid. This they seem to have made up their minds to do. Why not escape the thunderbolt by resigning? Because, it is to be supposed, resignation would be confession. But it would be open to the unhappy Senator to plead the uselessness of continuing a struggle to the bitter end, and to make moving speeches about the impossibility of obtaining justice in the highest legislative body that man has ever, etc. Besides, this course would be appreciated most profoundly, we are sure, by many of his colleagues. Does the Senator not owe a duty to the men who have stood by him as long as it is safe to do so? But perhaps he is distressed over the want of a precedent. This, fortunately for his peace of mind, it is possible to supply. In the great State of New York a Senator was once accused of misconduct. He, too, fought vigorously for a while, but at last succumbed to the inevitable. Allds resigned. Why not Lorimer?

Last Thursday's vote by the House, 147 to 126, in favor of making the Panama Canal free to American ships, is not likely to be the final expression of the will of Congress. If it were, it would be a national disgrace. For we are firmly bound by treaty never to discriminate against foreign shipping in the regulations for the use of the Canal. It is stated that the leading men in the Senate are saying that, whatever the House may do, the Senate at least will show that it knows what is the obligation of a treaty. In the House debate it was clearly pointed out that the passage of the bill making the Canal free to American vessels "engaged in the coasting trade"—which are virtually the only ones that would cross the Isthmus—would be in effect a subsidy to American shipowners to the tune of $5,000,000 a year. If we are going to have ship-subsidies, let us have them open and undisguised, not hidden away in a bill for another purpose, in a way to cheat the people without their knowing it.

Cities keep on going into business. This has sometimes been done through the mayor or other civic officer, as in the case of Mayor Shank of Indianapolis. In other instances, municipalities themselves have undertaken enterprises, as when Detroit a few months ago made plans for a municipal coal mine to be worked under the city park. The latest evidence of this tendency comes from Oklahoma City. This thriving town is already pocketing, in imagination, the $40,000 a year profit which it contemplates from a municipal farm. The plan is to cultivate the city land beside an automobile highway twenty-nine miles long, which was recently completed at a cost of $400,000. The sponsors of the scheme believe that the city will be skilful enough as a farmer to make a profit of at least $100 an acre. Alfalfa, wheat, and oats will be planted and the hope is that too many political tares will not be found growing in the wheat, and that the oats will not prove to be wild.

That an American architect, Mr. Walter B. Griffin of Chicago, has carried off the first prize of $8,750 in the international competition for a new capital of Australia is surely a cause for national satisfaction. A number of American and Australian architects, as well as men from other countries, competed. The opportunity was quite unusual, in that it called for the designing of an entire city. Australia has acquired a Federal territory four miles square, 165 miles southwest of Sydney, in New South Wales, which is to be made into another District of Columbia. An ele-

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vated plateau, it is partly surrounded by hills 200 feet high, with a stream running through it which is to be dammed, thus making possible unusual water effects. The task of the competitors was not, of course, to present designs for each of the many Federal buildings—the national museum, theatre, library, the Parliament group, etc.—but to indicate on the plan the precise sites for these and many other monumental structures. It was to accomplish for Australia what Major L'Enfant did for the United States, that the architects entered into competition, and it may be thought fitting that, as France aided the United States to plan its capital, this older federation of States should perform a similar service for the new Australian federation.

We owe a vote of thanks to Signor Gatti-Casazza for dispelling an unfortunate impression that has prevailed about us in foreign operatic circles. Salaries for artists at the Metropolitan Opera House, the impresario assures his questioners, are "only a little more" than those that the best performers can command in Russia, Italy, Spain, Portugal, or even Egypt and the Argentine. There may be much in that "only a little more." One can fancy a tempted singer murmuring:

Oh, the little more, and how much it is!
And the little less, and what worlds away!

But we prefer to believe that it is as the Metropolitan leader intimates. One can earn more money in Germany, if not in Egypt and the Argentine, but for the pure love of art and America one chooses to cross the deep, and sing and act for the appreciative audiences of the land of the free and the home of the brave.

The first Cuban newspapers to come to hand since the breaking out of the rebellion make clear the suddenness with which the blow fell. Havana was in the midst of celebrating the tenth anniversary of the independence of the Cuban Republic, when the news came of a revolt that threatened its life. The existence of the "Independent Party of Color" was, of course, well known and its demands understood, but there was apparently no thought that the negroes would take up arms. As soon as the gravity of the movement was perceived, however, there was an instinctive feeling that Cubans must drop their political differences and bend every energy to the restoration of order. The revolution was "the common enemy," in the language of the Havana *Discusión*. The same paper, referring to the possibility of American intervention, freely admitted that a certain amount of it was justified under the treaty, and might be called for in the present circumstances, but added that the very possibility of such intervention should act as a spur to the Cuban people, leading them to "redouble their efforts to reëstablish the peace so unhappily disturbed." The situation undoubtedly remains serious and even critical; but with sufficient vigor on the part of the Cuban Government and patience on the part of our own, there is no good reason why there should not be a peaceful outcome.

Whatever may be said as to the effect on Brazilian sentiment of our Attorney-General's suit to enjoin the "coffee valorization syndicate's" operations in our markets, the public reference to the matter by the Brazilian Ambassador was certainly an indiscretion. He described this suit, in his speech to the Pan-American Society, as "a heavy blow" to "hopes for a new era in our commercial relations." The suit is based, he declares, "on the quite revolutionary doctrine of paying for other people's merchandise, not the price they ask for it, but the price the United States—I mean the American merchants—want to pay for it." "Certain officials of this Government," Ambassador da Gama continued, "went so far as to proclaim before an American court of justice the forfeiture of the sovereignty of that foreign state." This is pretty strong language, and it is highly undiplomatic language. The ground for the Ambassador's allegation is, as every one now understands, the fact that the 950,000 bags of coffee held in this country by the "valorization syndicate" are the property of the Brazilian Government. It was bought for the purpose of controlling prices, and it is pledged by that Government as partial security for the $75,000,000 Brazilian loan; but it is held by the syndicate under contract stipulations with Brazil, and that is obviously why the Brazilian Ambassador felt himself warranted in expressing resentment.

They certainly have queer notions in England about party leaders and their relations to each other. Since Mr. Balfour's return to Parliament there has been a good deal of malicious talk about his having permitted Mr. Bonar Law to take his place at the head of the Conservative party in the House of Commons only so long as it served his own purposes. When he got ready, he would oust Mr. Law without ceremony, so it has been said, and resume the leadership. But this theory of Mr. Balfour's motives has been denounced by his party associates with a vehemence that must seem in this country entirely misplaced. In a recent speech, for example, Mr. Walter Long asserted that the whole story was an insult to Mr. Balfour. What could be more offensive to a man of honor than to have it intimated that he had "withdrawn from the leadership only for a time, in order that he might sail under false colors," and come out as leader again when it suited him? A greater insult, affirmed Mr. Long, "could not possibly be offered to any honorable man."

A recent letter by Mr. Balfour dealing with Anglo-German relations has convinced Professor Delbrück that war between Great Britain and Germany can hardly be averted. Professor Delbrück is an eminent example of the fighting type of German professor whose profound studies always lead to the one conclusion that Great Britain must get out of Germany's way or take the consequences. No matter how remote the professor's specialty may be—he may be an Assyriologist or an authority on deep-sea animal life, or a specialist in the chemistry of dyes and colors—he can always deduce from nature or history the necessity of increasing the German navy. The odd thing is that, having proved from science the inevitability of a war between the two great nations, the German professor frequently allows himself to lay emphasis on such comparatively trivial phenomena as a politician's chance expression of opinion. Professor Delbrück, for instance, thinks that Anglo-German relations were in a very much improved condition until Mr. Balfour's unhappy letter. But if the much-heralded life and death struggle between the two Powers is really inevitable, what good or harm can Mr. Balfour do?

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FERRERO ON ROOSEVELT'S PLANS.

It is an old saying that the contemporary judgment of foreigners is very likely to be the verdict of posterity. Most Americans should dislike to think that what people abroad are to-day saying of the contest in the Republican party merely anticipates the sober opinion of historians. It would make melancholy reading for our grandchildren! But if we drop out of sight the shocking personal abuse in our struggle, and ask what is its large political significance, what principles and tendencies it exhibits, what break-up and recasting of parties it portends, we may well get help from one who observes it all with the detachment and perspective of a foreigner. And when that foreigner is one who has the historic background and philosophic temper and special knowledge of American conditions possessed by Guglielmo Ferrero, it is for us to give heed to what he says about us.

Writing in the Paris *Figaro* of the fight for another term in the White House which Mr. Roosevelt is making, Ferrero does not indulge in any of his favorite comparisons with the Romans. One might have expected him to lug in Cæsar, or Marius, or, at least, the Gracchi! But he keeps his eye closely upon our political situation, and seeks to give a true analysis of it. Leaving out personal feuds and bitterness, and all questions of individual ambition, he asks what it is, considered in its larger aspects, that Roosevelt has set out to do. To Ferrero this seems perfectly clear. Mr. Roosevelt is undertaking to make the Republican party over. To begin with, he splits it. The intellectuals, the conservatives, the men who, by reason of property or high intelligence or personal weight have been of great influence in the Republican party, Roosevelt is making war upon and seeks either to terrorize or expel. Their numbers he hopes more than to make good by flinging himself upon the discontented masses, appealing to the lower classes of all parties, and aiming to win power by the votes of the dissatisfied and the turbulent in all parts of the country. That this process is actually going on is obvious to everybody. Ferrero is right about the facts. Take our universities, for example: they are overwhelmingly against Roosevelt. He knows this perfectly. Yet it does not trouble him for an instant. He, the educated man, the one who used to be happy to be in academic circles, is now ready to throw over the whole despised set of college professors. Are not a hundred bricklayers worth more to him than one university president?

The philosophic explanation of Roosevelt's political course which Ferrero gives is that it is an effort to make the Republican party radical. The left wing is to be dominant. A party which had for fifty years been known as the party of wealth and intelligence—which had steadily fostered the industrial and commercial expansion of the country, believed in a strong central Government, and gone forward in foreign policy—this party is now to be reorganized by men who think only of social reforms and a radical programme. As Signor Ferrero points out, this sort of attempt to regenerate or broaden or make more popular the aristocratic party, has often been made, but it has almost never succeeded. Says Ferrero: "Such tactics are always difficult and full of danger. How many famous public men have fallen victims to this plan, when they have essayed it in the trying moments of history!" No specific cases are referred to by Signor Ferrero. He might have adduced Disraeli, with his Young England movement, or Lord Randolph-Churchill with his Tory Democracy. Neither really succeeded in the effort by such means to rejuvenate and enlarge their own Conservative party. They merely provoked outbidding by Liberals—just as, in our own day, Chamberlain and Balfour have been outbidden by Winston Churchill and Lloyd George. One's mind also goes back to the time when James G. Blaine was likewise going to do so much for the Republican party by driving out the fastidious intellectuals and filling their places with a miscellaneous lot of "Blaine Irishmen," and restless ne'er-do-wells. It is not exactly inspiration and courage which Mr. Roosevelt can find in the Blaine example!

It is this high probability that Roosevelt will fail like his forerunners which leads Ferrero to say that many of the European friends of the ex-President regret his having exposed himself to the formidable test. Yet they are too far from the strife, he writes, to understand thoroughly the "psychological motives" which have constrained Roosevelt to throw himself into the mêlée. In this respect, his countrymen are better situated. They have seen those "motives" in the unfolding, and know them for a compound of mean jealousy, a smarting for revenge, and an insatiable lust for power. Whatever the distant philosophical theory of the effect on parties and on our form of government of what Mr. Roosevelt is doing, we on the spot are convinced that he is pressing on as one who has no friendship and no conviction which he would not sacrifice without hesitation on the altar of his ambition.

THE OVERSHADOWED CONGRESS.

We shall have to alter the Latin proverb. If arms can silence laws, what can Presidential primaries do to them? Let the past six weeks answer the question. During that period Congress has been continuously in session, and many legislative subjects of great importance have been before it, yet so far as the great body of the American people are concerned, Congress might as well not have been sitting at all, or have been meeting in Uganda. The debates have been but fragmentarily reported in the press, and public interest in the proceedings has been almost nil. To refer to only one instance of the complete indifference with which really significant matters have been passed over, take the passing and signing of the new pension bill, adding $25,000,000 or $30,000,000 a year to the pension budget. The thing was agreed to in Congress in perfect lassitude, and the bill was approved by President Taft without creating a ripple of interest. Yet nothing more ominous and indefensible has been done in recent years. The country should have rung with it. But people cared only to read which candidate for the Presidency was certain to carry the Fourth District of Maryland, or to get the biggest vote in the Second Ward of Ironton.

During all this time of obscuration, the work of Congress has not been sensational, but it has been necessary and useful. The appropriation bills for carrying on the Government sometimes seem humdrum while under discussion, yet the debates on them in either house of Congress are often instructive, both as regards the details of the measures and the principles of

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legislation involved. It is, indeed, on these bills that the hardest work of the ablest members of Congress is done. Yet, for two months past their labors might have been carried on in the Mammoth Cave, for all the attention they have attracted. Even in non-Presidential years this part of Congressional activity—the passing of the appropriation bills—is too much overlooked. This year it has been absolutely disregarded.

Not long ago the Senate agreed to the Declaration of London. This is an international agreement of great importance, designed to fortify the rights of neutral commerce at sea in times of war. There is also the project for international prize courts. Both these highly important measures have been concurred in by the Senate, yet one vernal breath from Oyster Bay has seemed of vastly more consequence to the people. On objection by Congressman Fitzgerald the other day, Congress was prevented from making a small appropriation for the International Parliamentary Union. Other nations contribute their quota to this very useful association for the promotion of a good understanding and peace among nations, but our House of Representatives refused to fall into line. Yet who cares? The fact is barely reported, and even those deeply interested in the matter make no audible protest. Legislation is lost sight of in the dust kicked up by the Presidential race.

Another strange oversight has to do with the bill to appoint an international commission to inquire into the high cost of living. Here, if anywhere, we might seem to have a matter that would come home to the business and the bosoms of the people. They are all the time groaning about the rising prices of the necessaries of life. The bill in question is one of the most intelligent and promising efforts that have been suggested, or that could be made, to discover the true causes of the world-wide phenomenon by a world-wide investigation conducted by experts. Yet the work of getting the measure through Congress has been left to the few economists and public men interested, helped by the recommendations of the President and the coöperation of several wide-awake Congressmen. It passed the Senate, and was recently reported out favorably from the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, and is now on the calendar. The report accompanying it recapitulates the arguments in favor of such an inquiry, and prints the array of names high in the university and political world, both of this country and of Europe, who have given their warm endorsement to the undertaking. It should win the approval of Congress without fail. Judged by any rational standard, it is of much more importance than the great run of our activity in party politics, and might easily mean more for the well-being of the country, in the long run, than a dozen Presidential primaries. Even if the newspapers and the general public have too much ignored this matter, it ought not to lack the slight push now needed in order to get it through Congress.

We admit that the capacity for political excitement is limited. Men cannot be yelling all the time about everything. And it is inevitable that a certain overshadowing of the work of Congress should occur, when the passions of the multitude are stirred by an unprecedented Presidential contest. But this is no excuse for the almost entire ignoring of what is going on in Congress. We ought to apportion our interest better. Some of it should be reserved for that branch of the Government which cannot remain permanently in eclipse without grave injury to the commonwealth.

SOCIALISM AND SYNDICALISM.

Seldom has publicity come so suddenly and so lavishly to any movement as to the Syndicalist movement. Before the Lawrence strike, and for several weeks after the strike was under way, there must have been very few people in this country who knew what the Syndicalist theory stands for and what was this I. W. W. organization in which the Syndicalist philosophy is embodied in this country. To-day there is little excuse for ignorance on the subject. The emancipation of the working class is no longer to be attained through the capture of the governments of the earth by Socialism, but through the capture of the industries of the earth by the working class acting through the unions. Not ballots, but the general strike, as the highest form of "direct action," supplemented by such minor forms of warfare as sabotage and the boycott, is to overthrow the present social structure. Syndicalism has come forth as the programme of the proletarian "doers" as opposed to the intellectual Socialist talkers in the parliaments. The extraordinary development of the American press has made it possible to promulgate widely the truth that political Socialism is pretty well played out, and that the future is for the revolutionary unions.

The appearance of Syndicalism has undoubtedly created a serious problem for the Socialists in every country except in Germany, where the people take it rather phlegmatically. But it is quite certain that the Socialist parties even in England and in this country, where Syndicalism has made its appearance with such dramatic suddenness, do not feel themselves so seriously menaced as the outsider is inclined to believe. The conquest of political power as the lever of economic revolution has been the foundation upon which the Socialist parties all over the world have been built up, and in spite of the Syndicalist furore, it still remains the basis. The Syndicalist philosophy of "direct action" has recently been summed up as follows:

> Fellow-workers, you want an eight-hour day? Well, take it, and when you come back the next morning, tell the master you were on strike four hours yesterday. You want to get possession of the instruments of production? You are in possession already—all you have to do is to declare that you own the factory in which you work. If the master protests, lock him out. You say you don't get the full product of your toil? Get it, do only as much work as you are paid for, and go slow the rest of the time. You say the machinery ruins your health? Ruin the machinery for a while. You say you are treated like dirt? Put some dirt into the product.

It is a beautifully simple gospel of force. Against it we can only put the resolution adopted by the recent National Socialist Convention at Indianapolis, which declares in clear-cut terms that the repudiation of political action and the advocacy of sabotage, or any other form of violence, shall constitute a cause for expulsion from the ranks of the Socialist party.

The conflict between Socialism and Syndicalism is only one form of the division between the moderates and legalists on one hand, and the hot-heads on the other, that is found in every movement and every school. Syndicalism arose in France out of impatience with the methods of Socialist parliamentarism. Parliamentarism stands for half-measures, for palliatives, for con-

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cessions. Syndicalism demands all or nothing. The great social overturn is to be accomplished at a single blow by means of a general strike of the workers of the nation, in preparation for which petty methods of warfare are highly desirable. It is a philosophy of desperation, and as such it has aroused the bitter hostility of those who by decades of patient effort and in the face of tremendous obstacles have built up the Socialist movement. Syndicalism would take a gambler's chance, but Socialism has too much at stake to risk the chance. Already the Syndicalist movement is on the decline in France, where its ideas were first developed. In the hands of the French thinkers, Syndicalism has been becoming anti-democratic —why not have a Cæsar, who will turn over the wealth of the nation to the workers?—and is thus sapping the very foundations of the political power of the workingmen.

But, in the main, the Socialist leaders have refused to be frightened out of their wits by the high-sounding claims of the Syndicalists. They insist on pointing out that it is through the now contemned political activity of the Socialists that the workers have attained that self-confidence which has made the Syndicalist philosophy possible. Philip Snowden, who is one of the leaders of the Labor Party in the British House of Commons, declared only the other day that "the partial conquest of political power which the workers have made has done more for them in six years than all the strikes they have ever waged or ever will wage." But more to the point is his sharp retort to the Syndicalist boast that the recent railway strike and the coal strike have demonstrated the superiority of "direct action" over parliamentary action. It is quite the other way, says Mr. Snowden:

> Both the railway and the miners' strikes were failures as strikes. Both were converted into successes solely by the interference of the State, the very power which the men had scorned and rejected. If the employers and the men had been allowed to fight it out without interference, the men would have been abjectly beaten.

Very much the same analysis can be applied to the Lawrence strike which first gave Syndicalism its "boom" in this country. What really happened at Lawrence was not that a strike was won by Syndicalist methods, but that a strike was won under Syndicalist leadership. Syndicalism has found a fertile field for its operations among the unorganized and unskilled workers. Such were the foreign-born mill-hands at Lawrence. But the strike was won at Lawrence, not by sabotage or barricades, but by the methods that obtain in every strike—picketing, parades, and appeals for popular support. Actually, the strike was won as a result of that extraordinary episode connected with the exportation of the strikers' children. There followed an outburst of indignation all over the country; and a Congressional inquiry—political action—was set on foot. There was the same exhibition of public sympathy regardless of class or creed in the shirt-waist strike of a few years ago. The same unorganized mass of workers was brought together in a great emergency; but at that time Mr. Haywood and the I. W. W. were not in charge, and so Syndicalism did not get the credit. We are inclined to believe that the ultimate philosophy of Syndicalism has left less impression on the minds of the mill workers in Lawrence than on the minds of newspaper readers.

"DOGMATISM" AS A VIRTUE.

Professor Meiklejohn, it appears, is quite as old-fashioned as Dr. Hibben. The newly-elected President of Amherst, till recently Dean of Brown, came out the other evening in a speech to the Brown alumni of New York in no uncertain terms against the elective system. "The boy chooses on some special line—the love of vocation, the line of 'snaps,' the line of a certain profession or the days that will let the student get out of town. What do you get? Any sort of training? None at all." In an age when the temptation is so great in higher institutions of learning to reflect minutely the complex changing conditions of outer life, he strikes a vigorous note for breadth and simplicity of instruction. "The old classical curriculum believed that if you take certain studies and work them through you'd get out of them the deepest things of human experience. I love the dogmatism, the certainty, the courage of that old curriculum. Whether right or wrong, it had something to give, something to be taken." Not that he would necessarily restore the older order unaltered. But he insists that the time has come again "for the American college to select from the body of knowledge a unified system and make sure that the boy who studies it has learned of human life. It's time for a new dogmatism."

The term "dogmatism" was, of course, used by Professor Meiklejohn apart from any unfavorable connotation. Employed in connection with the system which has taken shape at Amherst, its meaning is perfectly clear: there is to be no compromise in the new President's leadership. His words are encouraging as one more indication of the direction in which higher education in this country is moving. It may well be that colleges like Amherst and Princeton, with their less complicated problems than those of the large university, will point the way to a clean-cut reaction all around. Their influence just now is most desirable. For many have wondered whether the plans for revision which the universities have made are not hedged about with too many qualifications. Hand in hand with the requirement that students shall gain a general knowledge of some half-a-dozen subjects goes the chance for them to choose from a multitude of courses designed for much more specific ends. Universities strike the outsider as being somewhat apologetic if any programme is not strictly practical. So statistics have been gathered to prove that the college man succeeds better than his less educated brother, even in business. This question is really beside the point. College used to be thought capable of giving a man something which he could seldom acquire in purely commercial life. Why permit the suspicion to crop out that the worth of that excess is at all doubtful?

If dogmatism means asserting the conviction that the pursuit of an ideal truth is of the utmost importance, by all means let our universities be dogmatic. Far more than they seemingly realize, they have it in their power to make their communities a law unto themselves. Their main concern should be, as it used to be, more for theory than for practice. We understand how natural is the temptation to follow the opposite method. Take the subject of economics. Just now the cost of living is one of the most widely discussed questions of the day. Papers and periodicals are full of it. What more profitable than to set the student investigat-

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ing some aspect of it by reference to recent printed documents? The boy "sails in" and in time writes an intelligent report on the way in which coffee, we will say, has been "valorized." The investigation has been profitable, perhaps absorbing. But his interest in general economic laws pales before that engendered in the minutiæ of a red-hot up-to-date example. Fortunately, universities are beginning to see that theoretical, or absolute, truth—the sort upon which ideals are founded—is difficult to deduce from a narrow study of actual, contemporary life. Existence examined at close range means loss of perspective. On that account it is most desirable that there should always be a distinction between the thought of the university and that of the outer world.

Professor Meiklejohn, in accordance with the Amherst programme, hopes to create an atmosphere of proper detachment by requiring a study of the classics. To us it appears significant that both he and Dr. Hibben are philosophers, who will naturally see to it that their special subject is not neglected. It and the classics easily combine. Who can think of Greek without Plato? Oddly enough, in the recent discussions on education philosophy has received little attention. Yet of all subjects it should seem to be best fitted to form the basis of any broad, rational curriculum. Small good will come, for instance, from glimpses into the greatest civilization of the past unless power is got to reason abstractly. This faculty is at present almost lost. Not only do young men find it hard to project themselves back of the present, but equally hard to pursue any line of thought which has no practical bearings. At Oxford philosophic training, we know, has been insisted upon as much as that in the classics; and the general run of Oxford graduates impress one with their eagerness to speculate on fertile topics. The same used to be true of our own students. Somehow, the capacity for flexible theorizing must be won back, if the college and university hope to live up to their traditional purpose.

The picture of a restored dogmatism, based upon a broad philosophic outlook, appeals strongly to the imagination. It would beyond question be upsetting. For though there could be no return to the loose handling of facts, now thoroughly discredited by practical, scientific methods, a touchstone would be at hand for testing the worth of a hundred little courses whose announcements make such a brave showing in college catalogues. Is the knowledge they present broadly illustrative of the most important processes of thought and faith? Do they go deep into significant human experience?

THROUGH THE OUTLOOKING GLASS

"Whichever way you look at it," said the Red Knight, "there is only one possible conclusion. I am the logical candidate at Chicago."

"What *is* a logical candidate?" said Alice.

"A logical candidate," said the Red Knight, "is one who, when the necessity arises, can prove that 'I won't' means 'I will.'"

"That should be a very difficult thing to do," said Alice.

"*I* find it the easiest thing in the world," said the Red Knight. "Let us look at it in this way: No one will deny that the President of the United States should be a man about fifty-four years old, about five feet ten inches tall, powerfully built, wear glasses, and live on the north shore of Long Island. That, I believe, is axiomatic."

"That's another word I don't know the meaning of," said Alice.

"An axiom, my dear girl, is something which is so obviously true that the man who denies it must be a crook or an infamous liar. Very well, then. In the second place, a candidate for the Presidency should be a man of wide experience. He must have lived in the White House at least seven years, and before that he must have been a member of the Legislature, a Police Commissioner, a cavalry colonel, and the author of a short but masterly treatise on the Irish sagas."

"Is that axiomatic, also?" said Alice.

"Naturally," said the Red Knight.

"Then it means once more you."

"Exactly," said the Red Knight. "And in the last place he should be a descendant of the old Dutch patroons, a native of New York, and his name should begin with an R and end with a T and have at least two O's and a V between. Now what does all that prove?"

"Axiomatically, you mean?" said Alice.

"Of course," said the Red Knight.

"It means you again," said Alice.

"You are a very bright child to see the point so quickly," said the Red Knight. "Thus I am the logical candidate of the moment. But please observe that I am much more than that. I am also the physiological candidate, because I can speak faster and louder than any man in the country, and can slug a man harder through the ropes. Then I am the zoölogical candidate, because of my record in Africa. And I am the entomological candidate, because I am the broadest-minded man in the world, and my views are absolutely insectarian."

"I don't think that is a very good pun, do you?" said Alice.

"I think it's one of the best puns I ever heard," said the Red Knight, hastily, and went on. "The successful candidate must be one who knows how to make hay when the sun shines and how to get in out of the rain; therefore I am the meteorological candidate. He should be the man brought forward by a vast national upheaval; that makes me the geological candidate. And, above all, he must not be thin-skinned when accused of bad faith and personal motives; that makes me the dermatological candidate. So what does all this show?"

"It shows," said Alice, "that you *are* the logical candidate."

"It does," said the Red Knight, and, having divested himself of his armor, he thrust his hands into his pockets and whistled cheerfully.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The files of Colonial newspapers are becoming recognized more and more as important raw material for history. With few exceptions the early and rare historical books have been reprinted and originals or reprints are readily accessible in public libraries. Only a few libraries, however, possess extensive files of any Colonial periodicals, and, in the case of the first ones at least, the student must visit several libraries in order to see complete series of any of our early newspapers. The most extensive files are those belonging to the New York Public Library and the New York Historical Society, Massachusetts Historical Society, Library of Congress, Historical Society of Pennsylvania, American Antiquarian Society, and Wisconsin Historical Society. In 1895 William Nelson of Paterson, New Jersey, published, as Vol. XII of "Documents Relating to the Colonial History of New Jersey," a collection of news items relating to the colony of New Jersey, selected from the newspapers of all the American Colonies. This is the most important publication of such material that has been made heretofore. Now the Society of Americana of Boston is publishing, under the title of "An Historical Digest of the Provincial Press," a series of volumes in which will be reprinted all items relating to American affairs, personal references as well as historical events, in the newspapers of the several colonies down to the close of the Revolution in 1783.

The first series, which will be in twenty volumes, is to be made up of extracts from the newspapers of Massachuestts. It is edited by Lyman Horace Weeks and Edwin M. Bacon, and the first volume which has been issued to subscribers promises well for the character of the work. It is an octavo of nearly six hundred pages (the exhaustive Index filling 77 pages, double column), well printed on rag paper, with fifteen illustrations, including facsimiles of manuscripts, pages from early newspapers, portraits, and views.

In 1689 there was printed in Boston, by Samuel Green, a single-sheet broadside, with type page 6¾x12 inches, with a heading *The Present State of the New English Affairs*, and while there is no evidence that the publisher intended to issue additional numbers, this has been called the first Colonial newspaper. The honor, however, really belongs to a little sheet, *Publick Occurrences*, of which "Numb. 1," dated "Boston, Thursday, Sept. 25th, 1690," is preserved in the Public Record Office in London. That Benjamin Harris, the publisher, intended to continue it as a news-

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paper is shown by his announcement on the first page: "It is designed, that the Countrey shall be furnished once a moneth (or if any Glut of Occurrences happen, oftener,) with an Account of such considerable things as have arrived unto our Notice." But four days after the date of publication of this first number, the Governor and Council, finding that it "contained Reflections of a very high nature" and "sundry doubtful and uncertain Reports," declared their "high Resentment and Disallowance" of it, and ordered "that the same be Suppressed and called in," forbidding "any person or persons for the future to Set forth anything in Print without License."

The publication of *The Boston News-Letter*, actually the first Colonial newspaper, began in April, 1704. It was published by John Campbell, the postmaster of Boston, who for about a year before beginning his printed newspaper had prepared and distributed to a limited extent manuscript "news letters." The volume before us contains also all items bearing on American affairs from the existing copies of these manuscript letters. Then begins the series of extracts from the printed *News-Letter*, this first volume embracing from No. 1, April 24, 1704, to No. 167, June 30, 1707. Besides reprinting all American items, a short digest is given of that portion of the paper which contained news of the rest of the world, mainly made up from English papers. The advertisements, often the most interesting section of the sheet, are reprinted in full. Where the same advertisement appears in more than one number it is printed from its first appearance and this entry is afterwards referred to.

The character of the material collected in these volumes is extremely varied. Besides historical events, legislative acts, etc., which are chronicled in the histories and Colonial law books, there is a large mass of local and personal information, passenger arrivals and departures, residences, real-estate transactions, wills, etc.

It is to be hoped that the enterprise will not fail of the necessary support, so that the compilers' scheme of covering the entire American Colonial newspaper press can be carried out. L. S. L.

Correspondence

DANA AND MOTLEY ON ICEBERGS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Before the Titanic horror becomes ancient history—while, in fact, it is yet fresh in memory—it may be worth while to call attention to certain old-time experiences which have a reflex bearing on it.

It has recently been asserted that the Atlantic ice-floe during the present season is unprecedented, and that the Titanic fell to a certain degree a victim to conditions hitherto unheard of. This may be so as respects its latitude south, but, nevertheless, it is well worth recalling that there are accounts of not dissimilar experiences, in neither case resulting in catastrophe, from the pens respectively of two such eminent writers as the late Richard H. Dana, jr., and John Lothrop Motley. The one occurred in August, 1856, the other, five years later, in June, 1861. The modern ocean liner had not then come into existence. Mr. Dana went abroad for the first time on the steamer Canada, a wooden paddle-wheel ship, built in 1848, which was continued in service on the Boston-Halifax Line until nearly 1870. Mr. Motley was on the Arabia, also a wooden paddle-wheel ship, dating from 1852. Both ships were of less than two thousand tons measurement, and in their construction no compartments were provided. The average passage then was from twelve to fifteen days—ships steaming at a rate of some twelve to fifteen miles an hour.

This being premised, the following is Mr. Dana's account of a portion of his voyage. Leaving Boston on July 2, the Canada made the usual stop at Halifax, and on Sunday, July 6, Mr. Dana closed a long diary entry, descriptive of what took place, as follows:

The lookouts are on each paddle-box, on the forecastle, and in the foretop, and the captain kept the deck. The boat is at half-speed. At each half-hour, when the bell is struck, each lookout responds, "All's well," in turn, beginning on the forecastle, and so following round. It has quite a romantic effect. Staid on deck until 11½ P. M., and went below with plans, in case we should be obliged to take to boats, after collision with an iceberg or vessel.

July 7. Monday. Rose early, and was rewarded by the sight of an iceberg. After a few minutes on deck, "Starboard—hard a-starboard!" was shouted from forward. "Hard a-starboard!" was echoed from aft. "Starboard; every spoke!" cried the captain. "Every spoke, it is, sir," said the mate. "Stop her! Stop her!" By this time several passengers rushed on deck, and a large iceberg lay looming in the fog a few yards to windward, with the small satellites drifting by its side. All we could see in the thick fog was the dull, dark mass, a few shades darker than the fog, high and long, with a broken, wild outline. It was soon lost in the fog to leeward. We were sailing directly upon it, and only the bright lookout saved us from running upon it.

The passengers are now better satisfied with the slackened speed of the boat, and praise the captain for his careful watch.

Tuesday, July 8th. Still fog, but lifting considerably, and full steam on, and all sail, making up knots. The captain has not been in bed, or at table, since we left Boston. He lies down on his sofa, in his coat and boots. I told him the passengers were well satisfied with his caution, and quite contented to go at the slackened speed. "Whether they like it, or not," said he, "it is my duty to do it. I am responsible for everything." This was a little gruff, but I liked the downright honesty of it.

Wednesday, July 9th. Still fog, still the grey, gloomy ocean, broken into foam, and tumultuous seas, all about us. But we are clear of ice, and there are fewer vessels to be met in this upper latitude—for we are going north about—so we keep on at full speed.

Friday, July 11th. This is our first fine day since leaving Halifax. The sun is out bright, the sea is smooth and blue, and the air soft and agreeable.

Mr. Motley's account of a similar experience, but going westward, is found in a letter written by him to Mrs. Motley from on board the Arabia, off Halifax. It is as follows:

Friday afternoon last, 7th June (1861) about an hour before sunset, we saw the first iceberg, longitude about 43 or 44; latitude 49. We passed within three-quarters of a mile of it. It was about 300 yards long and perhaps 100 feet high, pale green in color, very precipitous in form, with a deep rift or crevasse through its whole bulk. The sea broke over its base, as the surf on a rocky shore. Very soon afterwards there was another on the other bow and before dark, seventeen had been seen. We were driving along at the rate of thirteen knots the hour, and it seemed rather a ticklish kind of egg dance as the night closed in. Fortunately, the weather was clear, and there was no difficulty in seeing them, and avoiding a collision. Several of us sat up in the smoking room on deck till daylight—going on deck from time to time to look at the bergs. We were sailing all night through a complete archipelago of ice islands. Sometimes they were very near. One, I remember, was so close to the wheel house where I was standing, that it seemed possible to toss a biscuit on it, and in all directions along the horizon there were others. It was a very brilliant sight. They seemed like islands of fire, so intense was the pale light which they emitted through the dark atmosphere.

I turned in about three, when the dawn had already begun, but the icebergs were as thick as ever. At one time there were fifty counted in sight at the same moment. You may suppose, therefore, that when I was dressing at about half-after eight, I was not specially delighted to hear the shriek of the fog whistle. Presently we blew off steam and stopped, and when I came on deck the fog was so thick that you could scarcely see the ship's length. Two immense bergs had been seen just before the fog set in, one of them said to be near three miles in length. This was probably a great exaggeration, however. Fortunately, in about two hours it cleared again, and we went on our way rejoicing—seeing several large icebergs astern of us. This was the last of them, apparently. The group had extended over some 150 miles, and it was estimated that we saw as many as 200, so that there were possibly as many thousands, which were near, but out of sight. Since then, though troubled with fog from time to time, we have not slackened speed, but have been shrieking every half-minute and tearing on through the impenetrable gloom. Now the weather is brilliantly clear, and we shall run into Halifax by one o'clock, remain there two or three hours, and probably reach Boston to-morrow night.

In connection with the ice-floe and accompanying bergs of the present year, the foregoing graphic accounts certainly are not lacking in interest. Had the Titanic been handled in the same cautious way, and with a like sense of responsibility on the part of its commander, the worst marine catastrophe in history would not have occurred. Charles Francis Adams.

Boston, May 24.

THE RELIGION OF SENSIBLE MEN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In his Introduction to the edition of Froude's "Essays in Literature and History" in Everyman's Library Hilaire Belloc disputes that Disraeli was the author of the remark often set down to him, that his religion was "the religion of all sensible men," and of the reply to the question what that religion might be: "All sensible men keep that to themselves." In a tone which is likely to affect the reader's opinion of Mr. Belloc rather than of the late Prime Minister, he says "that Oriental" "could no more have made such a witticism than he could have flown through the air; his mind was far too extravagant for such pointed phrases"; and he proceeds to commend Froude because he "rightly ascribes it to Rogers, a very different man from Disraeli—an Englishman with a mastery of the English language."

Now, as a fact there is authority for ascribing this witty saying to one who was born more than a century before Rogers. In a footnote to the life of Garth in G. B. Hill's edition of Johnson's "Lives of

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the Poets," the following statement occurs: "Garth, being questioned by Addison upon his creed, is said to have replied that he was of the religion of wise men; and being urged to explain himself further, he added that wise men kept their own secrets." As source of the quotation is given Spence's "Anecdotes," p. 115*n*.

Possibly the *mot* may be traced to a still remoter origin. Its production hardly requires so particular an order of intellect and such special racial qualities as Mr. Belloc seems to think, although it may exceed the powers of the "many men, many women, and many children" who, Dr. Johnson declared, could have written the Poems of Ossian. L. N.

San Francisco, May 18.

POPULAR GOVERNMENT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The surprising failure of the general public to discriminate at once between the sophistry of Roosevelt's declaration that the people must rule and the sound declaration of President Taft that ours is necessarily a representative government, calls for a brief statement of elementary principles.

When an appeal is made to the electorate, all votes cast by the minority cancel an equal number of votes cast by the majority. It is only the excess above these cancelled votes which is effective. Therefore, it is only this indefinite body, usually small, which transfers its authority to the candidate elected, clothing him with power to represent all the people, both voters and non-voters. Precisely the same thing is true in measures passed by the recall, the initiative, and the referendum.

There is no such thing as a government of the people, by the people, and for the people. It is not a working hypothesis. The State and nation are far more enduring and far higher than the individuals living within them. And when the supreme call of war comes, the Government has the right to demand that the last dollar of treasure and the last drop of blood of its citizens shall be surrendered, if necessary, in order that the Government may live. A popular government simply means that it shall be administered for the benefit of all; and not for the benefit of the privileged few, whether individuals, corporations, or organizations. And this administration must necessarily be by representation in its legislative, judicial, and executive branches.

Roosevelt stands revealed in his elemental character. Reseated in the White House, he will seek to make his tenure permanent. Playing with calculated purpose upon the emotions of the multitude, as a musician plays upon his instrument, he will also buttress his position by alliance with the most unscrupulous politicians, by all the power of Federal patronage, by the support of favored corporations, and by the purchased support of military pensioners, who, already, are tearing at the vitals of our States and nation.

George Edwards.

Berkeley, Cal., May 15.

THE COST OF BOOKS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your correspondent, Mr. Edwin B. Holt, is to be congratulated for his outspoken language (*Nation*, May 2). The bad habits of publishers, in Europe as well as in America, are fostered by what the learned Professor Krumbacher (of Munich) used to call: *die Treue der* 200 *sicheren Bibliotheken*. Krumbacher spoke of scientific and artistic works of a high standard; more modest books can reckon on seven or eight hundred university, college, and city libraries. These libraries suffice to refund the publishers and even to insure an exorbitant profit on their publications, which often, on account of their prohibitive price, remain inaccessible to the reading and working scholars. I have been advocating for many years, in the *Revue archéologique* of which I am the director, the formation of an international committee of librarians, representing the two hundred *sure* libraries and some others provided with fair means. Whenever a book is issued with superfluous luxury, or at a price not corresponding to its aim—of course books for bibliophiles may be issued at any price—the committee should at once declare that *not one* copy of that book shall be purchased by the syndicate of libraries. After a few experiences of that sort the publishers would find it wiser and safer to consult the committee beforehand by sending an advanced copy. Only scientific works should be submitted to the committee, and only works costing above four dollars a volume. I have already proposed that such a committee be formed as the result of a meeting of librarians, and that the seat of the delegates be in Oxford. Salomon Reinach,

Keeper and Librarian of the Museum at Saint Germain.

Paris, May 22.

GARMOMBLES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the current (April) issue of the English journal, *Modern Language Review*, I have offered a solution of the old Shakespearean crux, *garmombles*, the term which in the 1602 quarto of "Merry Wives of Windsor," iv, v, 72, Sir Hugh Evans applies to the men who have been swindling the inn-keepers of Maidenhead and Reading out of their horses, etc. The word is evidently identical with Scotch *jurmummle* or Yorkshire *jurmungle*. In Wright's "English Dialect Dictionary" the former is defined as "1. to crush, to disfigure, 2. to bamboozle," the latter as "a mess, confusion." Both, moreover, are said to be obsolete even in the dialects. As far as the initial syllable is concerned, apart from the palpable hit at the Count of Mompelgard, some allowance must be made for Sir Hugh Evans's defective pronunciation, for he is a Welshman and mangles his English all through the play. It is the second of Wright's definitions of the Scotch word which applies here—only, of course, *garmombles* is used substantively. Mr. R. Warwick Bond in his edition of the early Elizabethan play, "Misogonus," included in his "Early Italian Plays" (1911), had already explained the *girmumble* of that piece, ii, iii. 79, by reference to the Yorkshire *jurmungle*.

Since writing the above-mentioned article my attention has been called to the fact that Dr. W. H. Browne, in *Modern Language Notes* for December, 1906, noted the occurrence of the word under discussion in Thomas Nashe's "Lenten Stuffe" (1599), where a fisherman delivers a herring to the Pope's caterer and teaches him to "*gear-mumble* it, sauce it and dress it." The passage will be found Vol. III, p. 207, in the new edition of Nashe's Works by R. B. McKerrow, where we have the spelling *geremumble*. The Index of this edition gives still another occurrence of the word—with the same spelling—Vol. I, p. 321, in "Four Letters Confuted" (1592), where, in belaboring his enemy, Gabriel Harvey, Nashe calls him a "fanaticall *Phobetor, geremumble, tirleriwhisco*, or what you will."

The word is not recorded in the New English Dictionary, Schmidt's "Shakespeare-Lexicon," or Onions's "Shakespeare Glossary," so it has seemed worth while bringing the instances of its occurrence together. Perhaps some of your readers may be able to make additions to the list. Nashe, it will be observed, uses it both as a verb and as a substantive. Mr. McKerrow, like Dr. Browne, makes no attempt to explain its meaning. He merely contents himself with citing in his Addenda the passage in "Misogonus," referred to above. In both of the passages in Nashe, however, the word carries with it the notion of violence, of cutting up, doubtless. This brings it close to the first of the meanings which Wright gives for Scotch *jurmummle*.

J. Douglas Bruce.

Knoxville, Tenn., May 14.

RAGGED SOLDIERS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Some time ago, in looking through the French correspondence of the year 1589 in the Public Record Office in London, I came across a draft of instructions for Lord Willoughby, who was going to France with a detachment of troops to assist Henry of Navarre in his wars. One passage in the draft (inserted in the hand of Sir Francis Walsingham, principal secretary to Queen Elizabeth), which was omitted from the instructions as they were finally drawn, may be interesting to your readers because it calls attention to a prevalent evil in the drafting of soldiers for Elizabethan armies and sharpens the point of that well-known scene in Henry IV, Part II, which describes the "pricking" of Falstaff's ragged company:

Whereas, we are given to understand that certain captains, who have had particular charge in the Low countries, as also elsewhere in our service, having more regard to their own particular profit than to their reputation and credit, do, in a most disordered sort (when there hath been special choice made of such bands as have been delivered unto them) dismiss for money the most apt and able bodies to serve, and do either furnish their places with rogues and such as are ill-conditioned persons and disposed to mutiny, or else do not supply their places at all, and instead of whole bands have scarce half-bands, notwithstanding we are charged with their whole pay, a matter both dishonorable and prejudicial to our service; our pleasure is, therefore, that you shall see due execution of such orders as shall be set down by our Privy Council for the due punishing and avoiding of such like abuses.

The draft from which this passage is taken is in the State Papers, France, Vol.

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XX, folio 56. I have ventured to modernize the spelling and punctuation.

CONYERS READ.

University of Chicago, May 18.

Literature

RECENT VERSE.

Poems and Dramas. By George Cabot Lodge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 2 vols. $2.50 net.

Hard Labor, and Other Poems. By John Carter. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. $1 net.

The World That God Destroyed, and Other Poems. By Frederick E. Pierce. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.50 net.

The Hill of Vision. By James Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

In the Wake of the Phœnix. By James A. Mackereth. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $1 net.

Roses, Loaves, and Old Rhymes. By Annie Matheson. London: Henry Frowde 4s. 6d. net.

Quiet Places: Poems. By Carlos Wuppermann. New York: Shaemas OSheel. $1.

Foam Flowers: Poems. By Stephen Berrien Stanton. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $1 net.

The Masque of the Elements. By Herman Sheffauer. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Wife of Potiphar, with Other Poems. By Harvey Maitland Watts. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. $1.50.

Portraits and Sketches. By E. Herrick. London: Elkin Matthews. 1s.

Verse Pictures. By E. Herrick. Same Publisher. 1s.

Dreams and Gables: Sonnets. By E. Herrick. London: H. R. Allenson. 1s.

Forty-two Poems. By James Elroy Flecker. London: J. M. Dent & Sons. 2s. 6d.

The complete poetical writings of the late George Cabot Lodge, including his dramas, "Cain" and "Herakles," have been gathered into two volumes with a supplemental biography by Henry Adams. While Lodge was not a great original poet, while his poetry may lack the consecration of genius, it has talent and character; while it may not make tradition, it is itself in the best literary tradition. It is unmistakably the work of a man of taste and reading, acquainted not only with his own literature, but with those of other languages as well, who, out of the conflicting modern influences to which he has been exposed, has finally attained to a point of view and a manner of his own. A strong sense for the adventurousness of life, a conviction of the excellence of unrest and activity and of a saving discontent with settlement and security,

Lest we grow tired and tame and temperate—

these are the main characters of his verse and are admirably illustrated in the following sonnet:

Let us go hence!—however dark the way,
Let us at all adventure hasten hence!
Too well we know what secret excellence,
Real and unrealized, brooks no more delay
Of who would make love perfect, and display
In life the spirit's true magnificence . . .
Haste!—lest we lose the clear, ambitious sense
Of what is ours to gain and to gainsay.
Let us go hence, lest dreadfully we die—
Die at the core of life where love is great,
Where thought is grave, audacious, and serene . . .
Thither and hence all vast achievements lie,
There where the truth's transcendent virtues wait
Up the dark distance, radiant tho' unseen . . .

The pseudonym "John Carter" serves to label a set of verses which have attracted some attention severally from the fact that they were written by a convict in the Minnesota State Prison. While they bear no resemblance to Verlaine's work, written under similar circumstances, they possess like his the kind of poetic merit which is inseparable from the utterances of the human spirit under the influence of strong emotion. Superficially their most singular characteristic is the incongruity which results in their case from the juxtaposition of actuality with the conventions and assumptions of modern poetry:

The line forms sullenly; there is no sound,
Save a sharp voice that rasps its "Forward march!"
The shuffling feet creep onward through the arch;
Locks clatter; and in weariness profound
Most sink unconscious to a dreamless sleep,
While some few through the night long vigil keep. . . .

Ah, we that know the better from the worse
Our deeper guilt must pay a thousandfold.
In mourning garb come those we loved of old
And some weep silently; but others curse.
"Ye filled the cup; why should ye not then drink?"
The words are just; our whipped souls can but shrink.

Mr. Pierce has something of a taste for Biblical subjects, which he treats in a suggestive, rather than a symbolical, way. The greater part of his volume is taken up with the colloquial poem on the deluge—it can hardly be called dramatic—which gives its name to the book; while his "Armistice" feigns a parley at some length, held on the shores of time amid the discouragements of eternity, between the arch-enemies Michael and Lucifer. Mr. Pierce's quality is that of seriousness—a quality which is naturally at its best in such lines as those on his father's grave:

Unmarked he lived and unregarded died
Who slumbers here; much dared, endured, and willed;
Seemed great to friends and God and none beside,
Foundation deep where fates denied to build.

Yet, dust beloved, couldst thou but know how crowd
Thick coming memories round thy noteless bed,
Thou might'st be proud to know thy children proud
Of their unknown, unstained, unconquered dead.

Obscure and shunned the path 'twas his to go,
Yet one at which the boldest heart might quail,
Through bitter, hopeless years descending slow
Disease's dark, Apollyon-haunted vale.

Despair and anguish round on every hand,
And Reason rocking on her crumbling throne,
Few sympathizing, none to understand,
He fought his dreary fight unhelped, alone.

Mr. Stephens's muse, on the contrary, is a much more tricksy spirit; indeed, she displays at times an unmistakable streak of Celtic whimsy. "The Sotherer," "Peadar Og," and "MacDhoul" are as waggishly irresponsible performances in such a vein as any one would care to see. And yet Mr. Stephens has his graver moods, too, in which he can be as impressive as he is at other times racy. Of this rather more quotable manner his transliteration of Chopin's Funeral March is a good example:

Yea, ye shall rest, O be sure that your sleep will endure:
Through the daylight, the dusk, and the dark, while the moon and the sun
Rise successive and fail and die down when the journey is done:
Ye shall rest, taking heed of no thing that shall come or shall go:
Ye shall sleep through the thunder nor heed when the hurricanes blow:
When the strong trees are felled and the rocks toppled down from the height:
While the mountains dissolve into sand and the valleys upright
Climb stark into mountains again, ye shall hear not a sound,
Secure in the sleep that I give in the heart of the ground:
Till the earth like a mote through the spaces falls into the sun,
And the work of all things that have been is a work that is done.

This same transition from vivacity to sobriety is no less characteristic of Mr. Mackereth. Impish as is his "Paddy Magree," his lines on the coronation night of King George are weighted with a kind of severity which is becoming rarer every day in English verse:

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The latest King in time is crowned,
Hailed by a matchless empire's lips,
Proclaimed to every ocean's bound
With salvoes from a thousand ships.

The pomps, the plaudits melt away;
Like clinging pride of storied wars
They drift, the dust of yesterday,
A moment 'neath the steady stars.

On nipples of unnumbered hills
The lonely beacon-glow expires;
Lost in the downs the desert rills
Alone salute the stellar fires.

Hushed is the hamlet, dim the hall;
The smouldering city masks her eyes;
On shadowy shores no sound at all,
Save where a wave frets once and dies.

Through velvet darkness no foot goes;
The regal tale is wholly told.
The sleep is on the wild-wood rose
That laps the bones of Kings of old.

In general terms, Charity may be said to be the inspiration of Miss Matheson's "Selected Poems," of which her present volume is virtually a new edition. Her verse is the expression of a nature essentially religious, deeply sympathetic of the ills of humanity, and thrilling readily to the daily contacts and encounters of existence. To the delicacy with which she has succeeded in interpreting the feelings proper to such a character is due her popularity with a wide range of readers:

Within a dreary narrow room
That looks upon a noisome street,
Half fainting with the stifling heat,
A starving girl works out her doom.
Yet not the less in God's sweet air
The little birds sing, free of care,
And hawthorns blossom everywhere.

Swift ceaseless toil scarce wins her bread:
From early dawn till twilight falls,
Shut in by four dull ugly walls,
The hours crawl round with murderous tread.
And all the while in some still place,
Where intertwining boughs embrace,
The blackbirds build, time flies apace.

. . . . . .

And if she be alive or dead
That weary woman scarcely knows,
But back and forth her needle goes
In tune with throbbing heart and head.
Lo, where the leaning alders part,
White-bosomed swallows, blithe of heart,
Above still waters skim and dart.

Mr. Wuppermann's subjects are so unequal that it is difficult to hit off his verse in a single phrase. They range all the way from heavy dramatic monologues by such personages as Tantalus and Mary Magdalene to snatches of impromptu on clouds and roses. The former show some sense for blank verse, and that is reassuring as far as it goes; the latter, some sense for lyric trifling. The best thing in the book, however, is in neither of these kinds, but in the way of a sonnet, "Pelléas et Mélisande":

Doubt not there are more things in heaven and hell
And the wide earth between, than thou and I
Have dreamt us of, depths that no human cry
Hath fathomed with its shrillness, to dispel
The silence of long æons—who can tell
The mystic meaning of the unbounded sky?
Ah, poet, thou hast asked the what and why—
Behold the answer that thy musings spell:

Darkness, the dumb, mysterious moon, the kind
And patient star throngs, sick with fear, that wait
Above the whispered warning of the wind;
Fathomless forces of the soul that bind
Impotent phantom things to love and hate:
The splendid triumph of life's master: Fate!

Mr. Stanton's verse, on the other hand, is generally slight—or slender. Now and then he does a sonnet, but his ambition is evidently epigram. Occasionally he produces an effect of concision and point. The following lines on "Materialism" are as poetically successful as anything of his:

All dry and waste our gardens lie o'ergrown.
Where streams of cool refreshment flowed of yore
The forests of the soul have been cut down,
The fountains of the muses spring no more.
No more in myrtled Greece survive the groves—
Apollo wanders elsewhere with his lute;
Dodona's shrine and Delphi now are mute;
Amid the trees what nymph or dryad roves?

In his "Masque of the Elements" Mr. Scheffauer has attempted what may be called a cosmic poem. On the whole, it is probably a fair sample of the sort of theme which evolutionary science may be supposed to offer the poets of the future, wherein the moral agencies and interests of the past are replaced by the great powers and representatives of nature—sun, moon, earth, the four elements, time, and space. While appreciation is hardly at the height of these motives as yet, it may be said at a venture that Mr. Scheffauer's execution is not wholly unequal to his subject. In fact, "The Song of the Spirit of Creation," with which the volume closes, is not without a certain impressiveness of its own:

Once more the soft, terraqueous chaunt I hear
In choral, and the nuptual planet-dance
I mark. With puissant sceptre o'er each sphere,
Life thrones in music and in wonder's trance.
Hail! vessels solar and terrestrial, hail!
Whose prows shall cross the dim, celestial bars
With helm siderial and cloudy sail,
Bannered with youth and lanterned with the stars.
What fates for ballast? by what voices grim
And laughters urged, your astral course I mark,
Warped to what ports remote your hulks shall swim
Or anchor silent in what stagnant dark?
Mine arms have raised you from the cosmic deep;
Now Fire hath sprent his jewelled drops and sown
Marvellous seeds whence beauty's plants shall creep,
Season to season weaving, zone to zone.
Now sacerdotal Love shall shape and dye
His forms within the house of joy and tears,
And Birth shall bless and Death shall sanctify
Earth's passion and her pageant through the years.

In spite of the titular poem of Mr. Watts's volume, a rather lurid rendering in dialogue of the graceless old scandal, the writer is, if anything, less happy in dramatization than in the delineation of nature—a mere scene or aspect, a tone or color sufficing for the evocation of a whole countryside or season, as in his stanza to Winter:

Under bare poles the forest bends beneath the hurtling blast,
And the pine tree dreams of the wild sea days to come to its tapering mast;
And the hemlocks on their rocky ledge give voice to a winter song,
And the snow falls fast with a stinging dash
And the birches creak and the oak-boughs clash,
And the north wind hastens along, along,
And the north wind hastens along.

Amid the variety of good verse accumulating under the signature of E. Herrick, the consciousness of ocean runs in a singularly persistent undertone of allusion and figure. In particular, "The Ballad of the Monmouth" renews with unusual success and spirit one of the favorite motives of English poetry:

The Monmouth and the Foudroyant
Were close in deadly battle grip,
And Arthur Gardiner swore aloud:
"Thy snowy ensign shalt thou dip
And drench it in the blood-streaked brine,
And with it wipe away the stain
That soils my name along with Byng's
And let me sail at peace again" . . .

The Swiftsure and the Hampton Court
Made little headway in the chase,
For Gardiner's soul was set beside
His straining sails, and made the pace.
The dolphins danced before the prow,
They loved the Monmouth all and each.
And then she found the Foudroyant
And all her guns broke into speech. . . .

Their music shook the evening air,
Their light across the sea was thrown;
Right well the Captain knew his ship,
Hard pressed, the Monmouth held her own.
For two to one is slender strength
To fight a man who fights the past,
The flower of King Louis' fleet
Was like to find her peer at last. . . .

And so they took the Foudroyant, battered and wet with blood and brine.
She was the pride of Louis's fleet; the Monmouth least of all the line.
So Gardiner made clear his name of the false fog of slander's breath;
The morning woke the world again, but Gardiner slept sound in death.

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For all the poetical association of numbers it seems something of an anomaly to reduce verse to the exclusively numerical denominations affected by Mr. Flecker. His "Forty-two Poems," he explains, is a reissue of his "Thirty-six Poems" plus six new poems. However it may be with his measures, his inspiration seems to have been affected to some extent by the French: he has one or two translations of Baudelaire and Leconte de Lisle which preserve the temper of the original pretty well. In his own vein, too, there is traceable a little something of that kind of serious levity which has come to be attributed rightly or wrongly to modern Gallic verse:

I am afraid to think about my death,
When it shall be, and whether in great pain
I shall rise up and fight the air for breath
Or calmly wait the bursting of my brain.

I am no coward who could seek in fear
A folklore solace or sweet Indian tales;
I know dead men are deaf and cannot hear
The singing of a thousand nightingales.

I know dead men are blind and cannot see
The friend that shuts in horror their big eyes,
And they are witless—O I'd rather be
A living mouse than dead as a man dies.

CURRENT FICTION.

Through the Desert. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. New York: Benziger Brothers.

The Henry Sienkiewicz of "Quo Vadis" does not appear here. This story has none of the vivid panoramic quality which took his earlier readers by storm. There is, to be sure, an historic backing for the tale. The events take place in Egypt and the Sudan in the time of the Mahdi, and the fall of Khartum and the taking of Gordon have their influence in the narrative. But it directly concerns the adventures of two children—a Polish boy of fourteen and a little English girl of eight. Mr. Rawlinson, the girl's father, is a director of the Suez Canal Company, and Vladislaw Tarkowski, father of the boy, "Stasch," is his chief engineer and close friend. Both children are motherless—a fact which goes far towards accounting for their adventures. No pair of sensible mothers would have been likely to permit their boy and girl to set out in native hands on a long journey at such a time, even though the end of their journey was a long way from Khartum—already besieged by the Mahdi. However, the two fathers are more easily satisfied, and set out from Port Said to inspect a new canal system at Medinet, after making arrangements for the children to follow them a week later. Unluckily (or luckily for the story-teller), the Arabs in whose charge the children are to travel are members of the Mahdi's own tribe, and they are kidnapped as hostages almost at the start. The ensuing adventures give the boy Stasch plenty of chance to show his strength and prowess; and in the end he brings back his little companion and himself to safety, alone through the desert, according to the best traditions of the honorable company of boy-heroes. It is a story for children rather than adults, but its pictures of desert life and its interpretation of boy and girl character are upon a much higher plane than that of the ordinary story of the general type.

The Luck of Rathcoole. By Jeanie Gould Lincoln. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

A prophecy, a talisman, a gentleman of fortune, a fair and saucy American maid, plenty of masks, sword-play, and quaint language, are the not unfamiliar materials here employed. The opening scene is laid in New York, and the time is supposed to be 1789. Washington is obligingly letting himself be inaugurated in the background, while in the foreground the young man and the maid are being introduced. He is of Scotch-Irish blood, and has come to America in search of a lost necklace without which his family cannot prosper, or he himself be safe. But he is perfectly ready to interest himself in other worthy matters. Miss Faith Wolcott, known as "Miss Moppet," is clearly such a matter, and as she is obliging enough to become a factor in the business of the necklace, a respectable plot is woven, as romantic plots go. Miss Moppet possesses "that rare gift of the gods, perfect beauty." Oddly enough, Nugent is not described as an Apollo, but he has "a quick eye and a strong arm, backed by almost reckless bravery," and that, after all, is more important.

The Fighting Blade. By Beulah Marie Dix. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

This is not a book which would be popular just now in England, for its hero is a young German soldier of fortune who kills a large number of Englishmen during the course of the tale, both on his own responsibility and as a captain under Cromwell. He has a duel on hand with Roaring Wat, the brother of pretty Thomsine; Wat wishes he had not, and his little sister dresses up as a boy and goes secretly to the German's lodgings to stop the affair. "In all those tingling trepidating moments, while she scurried through the midnight town on her crazed errand, she had been visioning the monster to whom she must make her plea." So, of course, when she lays eyes on him she falls deep in love. He is kind and polite, and from then on we have no serious anxieties as to the outcome. Even when the Royalists have caught Karl Ludwig von Kerstenbroock, and the gallows awaits, we are not really frightened. We have a feeling that all is going to be well. But will the author allow us one suggestion? On horseback the easiest way to carry a disabled man is not to sling him over one's shoulder, as Karl Ludwig does.

The Real Mrs. Holyer. By E. M. Channon. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

How large a dose of improbability may the gentle reader fairly be expected to swallow in a realistic novel? It is hard to say. A young Englishman of family marries an ill-treated governess, and they spend a honeymoon of a few weeks in the country. Although the bridegroom is an exceptionally frank youth and the bride a clever and sensible girl, she does not learn that his father is a nobleman and has a country house within a few miles of them. She knows only that for a time his father must not learn of the marriage. Her husband, called away for a short business trip to Jamaica, has urged upon her the importance of keeping their secret. Time passes, and nothing is heard from him; yet she makes no attempt to trace him, since this would involve declaring herself to his family. She bears a son, and supports herself and him by teaching in the village school; then, after five years, the mystery is cleared up by an accident. If we are willing to accept this fundamental improbability in her character, we shall find the story enjoyable. The emphasis is placed skilfully so as to divert attention from the weak places, and the heroine, with the exception just noted, is thoroughly human and attractive. The other characters are well-drawn types rather than individuals.

A LIFE OF MARK HANNA.

Marcus Alonzo Hanna: His Life and Work. By Herbert Croly. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

The singular interest of this book is undesigned. It lies less in the subject than in the author. Mr. Croly, that is to say, acting as official biographer, sets out to give us the "true" Mark Hanna, to revise current judgments of him, to clear away misunderstandings, and to arrive at a dispassionate appraisal of the man; always proposing to himself a certain ideal conception of him. His concluding chapter is a long and, no doubt, conscientious effort to explain and, to a degree, glorify Hanna as a "pioneer." Yet between the deprecating introduction of the volume and its apologetic summary lie the facts of the life; and these are presented so fairly by the biographer, with so little attempt to palliate or gloze over, that by themselves they pull down a good part of his theoretic structure. Struggling to work out a better view of Hanna's political activities, to rescue his character and

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make it appear less sordid than contemporary estimates had made it, Mr. Croly is baffled by his own frankness and honesty. It is an almost pathetic case of an artist thwarted by refractory material.

Something, indeed, the biographer does accomplish in bringing out the human side of Mark Hanna. We see him a rather heavy and entirely unpolished man, yet good-natured, friendly, personally unpretentious, with a rough kind of democratic feeling for all sorts of people, kind to his employees and with a sincere interest in the welfare of workingmen. His affection for McKinley—amounting almost to devotion—was a master-passion in his life. That it brought Hanna fame and power does not affect its genuineness or intensity. He paid $100,000 out of his own pocket to help effect McKinley's nomination in 1896; he put his organizing abilities and his purse at the President's service all during his first term, and was cut to the heart when it appeared, for a time, that McKinley thought it neither advisable nor safe to trust his political fortunes longer to Hanna's management. But this was got over, and the two were on terms of the greatest intimacy until Czolgosz's bullet.

It is hard to read much importance into Hanna's early career as a business man. By shrewdness and energy and by taking advantage of his opportunities—such as those offered by the expanding trade of the great lakes—he amassed large wealth and acquired the reputation of a masterful man of affairs. His gradual drawing into politics was a natural development of his business activities. He had large interests, and they had to be protected. His street-railway franchises had to be guarded and renewed, and the readiest way to do that was to make friends of the mammon of local politics. So we early find him a generous campaign contributor. He even "peddled tickets" for the "right" members of the City Council. The votes of politicians in control of the traction franchises "had to be secured by some kind of influence." "A street railway company . . . had to purchase this influence or go out of business." The only alternative was that of "buying either the needed votes or the needed influence." Mr. Hanna's Company was "no exception." "He did what was necessary to obtain the additional franchises." One sees that Mr. Croly is frank!

So he is in his account of Mr. Hanna's politico-financial operations on a national scale. Mr. Croly labors to show that Hanna honestly believed in the doctrines of protection. But his sincerity may be conceded; what were the methods that he sincerely pursued? His biographer gives us a plain tale. Hanna systematized the collection of campaign funds as it had never before been done. In this he was not so much a pioneer as Mr. Croly would make him out. Brave men had fried the fat out of protected manufacturers before this Agamemnon. But no one had so carefully seen to it that each piece of fat was located and duly fried. "Responsible men were appointed to act as local agents in all fruitful neighborhoods. . . . In the case of the banks, a regular assessment was levied, calculated, I believe, at the rate of one-quarter of one per cent. of their capital. . . . Life insurance companies were liberal contributors. . . . Mr. Hanna always did his best to convert the practice from a matter of political begging . . . into a matter of systematic assessment. . . . The explicit recognition on the part of contributors that they were *paying for a definite service* [our italics] enabled Mr. Hanna still further to systematize the work of collection." Could the process of commercializing politics have been more openly carried on? Mr. Croly is aware of the evil and is troubled by it, but does not appear always to recognize it in all its enormity. He records at length, for example, Mr. Hanna's efforts to induce Congress to make choice of the Panama route for the Canal; he makes no reference to the charge, which has been made on oath, that Hanna had had a campaign contribution of $60,000 from those interested in selling the French property to the United States. But this would have been, on Hanna's avowed principles, only a "definite service" regularly paid for.

The book's contribution to the political history of Hanna's day is not extensive. No important secrets are revealed; few new documents of significance are printed. There is a long and interesting account of the way in which the "gold" plank came to be adopted in the Republican platform of 1896, but it serves only to confirm what was previously known. The public record which Mr. Hanna left behind him is confessed by Mr. Croly to be "slim." His most important political negotiations were not committed to paper, and his correspondence, as only in part preserved, "throws comparatively little light upon the critical decisions and moments of his career." Yet the labor which Mr. Croly has expended has not been in vain. His style is diffuse and the book is unnecessarily long; but between its covers we have a truthful outline of a life big with morals for those who study Hanna's generation, and who see how its evil lived after it to vex the next. One of the men who in these pages is often referred to as a friend and coworker of Hanna's, has been heard to sum up the active principle of his political life more pithily than Mr. Croly anywhere attempts it. He did it in these words: "Whenever Mark Hanna wanted anything, his first impulse was to go out and buy it."

The Making of Western Europe. By C. R. L. Fletcher. Vol. I: The Dark Ages. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

The sub-title of this work, "An Attempt to Trace the Fortunes of the Children of the Roman Empire," indicates clearly the purpose of this and of the volume that is yet to come. The first volume, now before us, has its limits laid down by its theme, the Dark Ages. Since the days of Maitland, if not earlier, these words have formed an epithet very convenient for the historical reader and extremely elusive in its many meanings for the historical student. Mr. Fletcher capitalizes the words, occasionally, in the course of the work, tacitly assumes them to indicate some process of retrogression or social somnolence, assigns them a period of time that ends with the year 1000 A. D., and then proceeds, probably without intention, to make use of a great quantity of evidence which shows that the term is a misnomer. All of this evidence asserts, as Dill has amply explained, that the altar fire of human culture never burned dim; and that, if it did so seem, it was for the sole reason that too often it was observed through the eyes of the barbarians. To the men of the South these years at no time presented more than a very simple, if extended, problem in assimilation, a problem whose analogue we have seen in our own times.

Perhaps in this touch and go acceptance of a convenient and popular generalization we may find the key to the inner life of the volume. The style, as might have been expected from our knowledge of the earlier "Introductory History of England," is vivid rather than restrained, popular rather than scholarly, sweeping rather than accurate. Bold strokes, contrasting suggestions, wide-reaching generalizations, take the place of patient accuracy and logical deduction. There has evidently been ample preparation, but there are comparatively few marks that indicate the nature of the tools used. The footnotes are informational and suggestive rather than scholarly, and for indebtedness to some of his contemporaries there is little acknowledgment. But in these very qualities lies also the strength of the work. Its vivid and rapid method make it delightful reading, and viewed with the eyes of the general reader or of the young student of mediæval history, its impressionism gives a sweep and depth that might have been lost by more painstaking methods.

The story of the making of Europe depends, among other causes, upon three guiding forces. The persistent life of a body of ancient law and manners, the intrusion into this of an older body of Eastern thought, and the growing economic necessities that forced a population which had been concentrated near

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the Mediterranean to spread itself over an area eight or nine times as great. The second of these forces concerns itself with the great central problem of the Middle Ages, Christianity; and in his treatment of this topic Mr. Fletcher has been particularly clear and enlightening. This is especially true of his characterization of the almost imperceptible growth of the religion in its early years, and of the large debt that it owes to Pagan society around it. On the other hand, he dismisses the cults of Mithra and Isis with almost a word.

But Christianity became the great power of this period because it took to itself all the life of that old body of Roman law, and identified itself with the feudal system. As the author remarks, the so-called barbarians came into the Empire to enjoy its benefits rather than to destroy it. Now among those benefits was this Christianity, which, within itself, came more and more to be the medium of the transmission of all the accumulated values of the past. The elimination of the Arian heresy in the West is nearly coterminous with the first consciousness on the part of the Church of her position of strategic importance. This is the time, too, of the awakening in her of those designs and plans that should, in their mighty evolution, at last come into conflict with another force born of commerce and trade. The Christianity of Western Europe united its fortunes with those of Feudalism and landed preference, and it rose and fell, as a human mechanism or social organism, with Feudalism. In his chapters on life in Gaul and Italy and in that on Charles the Great, Mr. Fletcher repeatedly returns to this idea. But the author here, as before, approaches the question from the Northern side, as if Europe had consciously turned Teutonic and that a seeming revival of Roman law and social order had, in the end, modified barbarian habits. Rather is the reverse true, that the tribes which spread themselves throughout the Empire eagerly sought assimilation and willingly adjured tribal habits. This is shown, at successive stages of the growth of the Lombard Law, in the gradual disappearance of the idea of "blood money"; and, had Mr. Fletcher kept this idea thus in view, he would not have asked why, in the story of Lombard Italy, there is distinct mention of using Lombard law for Lombards and but one isolated case in which the application of Roman law is mentioned. The point is that, normally, Roman law determined all procedure, but that the dominating presence of the Lombards demanded the naming of the cases in which the foreign and not yet assimilated method was employed. On any other assumption than this it seems impossible to explain why the living body of mediæval law should be, as it was, altered Roman and not altered barbarian practice, among all the children of the Empire except, perhaps, England.

There is an interesting chapter on Islam, the last contribution of the East to the West during this period, that might have been expanded if a larger amount of space had been allowed for the question, too often forgotten, of the influence of the Jewish element in the religion and life developed among the followers of the Prophet. Some, perhaps unreasonable, estimates place the number of Jews in the neighborhood of Alexandria at the time of its conquest by Amru at above a million. Quite certainly the conquest and settlement of Spain by the Moors involve a transfer to Europe of a people who had taken to themselves a religion from Arabia, physical characteristics from North Africa, and a civilization absorbed from that part of Judaism that abjured Christianity. And thereon hangs a long tale that ends in the awakening of scientific knowledge in the West.

The volume is bulky but light in weight and easy to handle. It is not illustrated, but contains three adequate maps and an ample index.

American Colonial Government, 1696-1765. A Study of the British Board of Trade in its Relation to the American Colonies, Political, Industrial, Administrative. By Oliver Morton Dickerson, Ph.D. Cleveland, O.: Arthur H. Clark Co. $4 net.

The popular American conception of British history is a product of Whig writers, and none among these has exercised greater influence over our interpretation of his country's history than Edmund Burke, our admiration for whom as a man of letters has obscured the fact that his mind and pen were so long employed in the interest of a small clique of Whig politicians of narrow views and small ability. As a member of the Opposition in 1780, Burke brought into Parliament a necessary bill to cut down the civil establishment and, in the course of the ensuing debate, succeeded with his inimitable wit in ridiculing the Board of Trade, which he called "this hospital for the maintenance of veteran authors, not upon half, but full pay." He was at his best as he described the 2,300 "huge and massy volumes" which had been compiled within the course of almost a century.

All unconsciously, public opinion has accepted this "Old Whig" verdict on a department of government created particularly to promote the trade and colonies of Great Britain. But here comes Mr. Dickerson, who is among the first to make a careful investigation of these "huge and massy volumes," the examination of which Burke postponed till Doomsday, and by a very scholarly analysis of the situation reaches quite a different opinion. The Board enjoyed periods of great activity, separated by periods of somnolence, due not to the character of the office nor its personnel, but to the character of the Ministry. The department was established in 1696, and down to the accession of George I performed the functions assigned it with zeal and intelligence. Between the years 1714 and 1748 occurred a period of quiescence, because the Whig leaders preferred to concentrate authority. This was particularly true of the Duke of Newcastle, one of those fussy, nagging executives who cling tenaciously to their authority and grant no confidence or power to subordinates. The result was that the Lords of Trade, whose office was not organized for offensive warfare, were forced to suffer many encroachments upon their prerogatives.

With the appointment of Lord Halifax to the presidency of the Board, in 1748, began a new period of great activity and influence for a department that had appeared moribund. Mr. Dickerson, in his discussion of Lord Halifax and his successors, has added a valuable chapter to the history of the institutions of Great Britain and the relation of the mother country with her colonies. He has made a careful study of Lord Halifax's career at the Board of Trade and has clearly proved that an important element in the renewed activity in colonial business, so conspicuous in the middle of the eighteenth century, was due "to the energy and ambition of Halifax, who recovered the powers which had gradually been usurped by the Secretary of State, and even acquired new ones which the Board had never before exercised; such, for instance, as the power to appoint colonial officials and to perform other executive functions."

This period of revival lasted until 1766. The question naturally arises why Mr. Dickerson has chosen the year 1765 as the close of his study. That year has no significance in the history of the Board of Trade; whereas the years 1766 and 1768 did mark decisive changes which are casually mentioned in the narrative. In the first named year, the Board of Trade was completely subordinated to the department of the southern secretary; and in July, 1768 (not January, as Mr. Dickerson writes), the recently created Secretary for the Colonies became president of the Board of Trade, an event which brought to an end the issue raised in almost every Ministry of the period: Should the president of the Board of Trade or the Southern Secretary exercise the full authority over the colonies? Lord Halifax attempted twice to procure for his office that power; Lord Shelburne tried in 1763, Lord Hillsborough the next year, and Lord Dartmouth in 1766, the ques-

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tion was carefully discussed in the summer of 1767, and in January a new Department of State was created for the colonies. Mr. Dickerson has missed the full importance of this issue, probably because his energy has been so fully expended in the examination of those "huge and massy volumes" that he did not search for some very significant passages in volumes of the memoirs and correspondence of contemporary statesmen, several of which are not mentioned in his otherwise excellent bibliography. He has thus been led to neglect almost entirely one important phase of his subject: the Board of Trade in politics. Certain politicians were bitterly opposed to the unification of the Colonial Office either by increasing the power of the Board or by creating a new Secretary of State for the Colonies. Mr. Dickerson does not inform us why Pitt foiled Lord Halifax's plans, a fact of which he is ignorant; also why certain politicians opposed the promotion of Lord Dartmouth to a third secretaryship; and why several of the Bedfords were never reconciled to the changes of 1768. Had he attempted in a discussion of these events to depict the political environment within which the Board lived, he would have greatly enhanced both the historical value and readableness of his work.

The chief interest of the volume is centred in the operations of the Board of Trade, its relation to the other departments of the Government, and its imperialistic policies. Particularly good is the analysis of the Privy Council and its committees, for in the chapter devoted to the subject the operation of the governmental machinery is displayed and sufficient proof is offered that there was only one committee of the Privy Council, not two, as has been so frequently supposed, which took under consideration colonial affairs. As the author writes:

> The whole machinery of the British Government for colonial administration included a Board of Trade to investigate, gather facts, and make recommendations; a Committee of the Privy Council to act as a board of review and a court of appeals, both administrative and legal; and the Privy Council, meeting with the king, before which all final actions of importance were registered.

The final judgment of the work must be highly favorable. The subject is not one that will appeal to the public in general, although the lucidity of Mr. Dickerson's style has made the volume very readable. Occasionally, indeed, the monotony of the discussion becomes wearisome; but in a work of this character fulness of treatment, even with danger from dulness, is to be preferred to brilliancy of style and superficiality. This fulness of treatment is offered by the volume, which is undoubtedly the first adequate discussion of the subject and one of the best treatises covering a very much neglected period in our colonial history.

La Famiglia Italiana Nei Secoli Decimoquinto e Decimosesto. By Nino Tamassia. Milan: Remo Sandron, Libraio della R. Casa. Pp. xx+373.

During the centuries which preceded the Communal Era, the diminished population of Italy was, for the most part, dispersed in small groups: in open *ville*, in the ecclesiastical *masse*, in *case coloniche*. Production was completely localized; economic competition ceased, and the state, as a unifying social force, became little better than a phantom. The political unit was no longer the nation or the city, but the family. Compelled to provide for its own security, the family changed its character; patriarchal government was revived, and only such persons as were agnatically connected together and subject to the same paternal power were recognized as kinsmen. Subsequently, a voluntary association of families gave birth to the Commune. This is a fact of primary importance; and, because a single concrete example is often more illuminating than many pages of generalities, we shall illustrate it by a brief account of the origin of the oldest of Tuscan republics.

The Pisans who, earlier and more vigorously than their Genoese rivals, swept the Saracens from the Western Mediterranean, and drove the prows of their galleys against the chains of the harbor of Palermo, were simply private citizens; though free at sea, they had as yet not achieved self-government on land (Amari, "Storia dei Musulmani di Sicilia," Vol. III, lib. v, cap. i). In the aggregate they formed a compact group of families, the richest and strongest in the city, the owners of all, or nearly all, ships which went to make up the navies of Pisa. United by common interests and by oaths, they had early established those sea-customs—*consuetudines quas* [Pisani] *habent in mare*—which were approved, in 1073, by Pope Gregory VII, and confirmed, six years later, by the Emperor Henry IV (Muratori, "Antiquitates," IV, 19). At first, of course, these customs can have had no validity or coercive power except as among the associates themselves, and, even for them, only when they were engaged in maritime undertakings. But the associates were not merely merchant adventurers; they possessed towers in Pisa and lands in the *contado*, and they must soon have realized that the same oath-fellowship (*conjuratio*) which enabled them to achieve freedom and supremacy at sea might prove an equally effective weapon upon dry land. Thus, side by side with the Bishop and the Visconte, the lawfully constituted powers of the state, we find a voluntary private association, continually growing in power and importance, gradually usurping public attributions, and, at last, blossoming into the free Commune. In the last decades of the eleventh century Pisa had achieved autonomy and was governed by her own consuls.

From the nature of the case, the territorial jurisdiction of the embryo Commune had been purely voluntary, representing, as it were, the sum of all the fragments of authority which the associated families separately enjoyed and exercised. In process of time, however, as the associative nucleus acquired greater cohesion and stability, a vigorous collective life destroyed the autonomy of the individual associates, and, little by little, those jurisdictional rights which its members had previously exercised over their own allodial lands and feudal estates were transferred to the body politic. Thus, from the very first, the newborn Commune possessed considerable territorial jurisdiction, and this it naturally sought to consolidate and enlarge, with the result that it was brought into immediate conflict with Lucca. Such, in its barest outlines, is the history of the origin of the Commune of Pisa, and, *mutatis mutandis*, it is the history of the origin of all or almost all the larger Italian republics; a voluntary association of family groups (see, on the whole subject, Volpe, "Questioni fondamentali sull' origine e svolgimento dei Comuni Italiani," Pisa: Tip. Successori Fratelli Nistri).

Considerations such as these enable us to understand why, in the early days of Communal freedom, public ambassadors were often dispatched on behalf of private citizens, and why the right of family vengeance so long continued to be recognized: the Commune seeking rather to limit its exercise as inexpedient than to suppress it as unlawful. Nor did the family cease to exist as a political unit until the Communal era had drawn to its close. In Italy, so far at any rate as the upper classes were concerned, the family, in the modern sense of the term, was a product of the Renaissance.

It will thus be perceived that, when Professor Tamassia undertook the task of writing a book on the Italian family in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, he committed himself to no mere chronicle of domestic life. Besides chapters on marriage, divorce, concubinage, and the like, the work contains others on crime, private vengeance, morals and religion, law and justice, and so forth. It is, in fact, a study of the Italian people during the period of the Renaissance, and one which possesses especial charm and value because the author has regarded his subject from an entirely new angle. The result is a volume of which it is impossible to speak too highly, and we hope that it may soon find a competent Eng-

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lish translator. We have read nothing so profound or so illuminating since the days of Burckhardt and of Symonds.

Notes

R. L. Stevenson's memoir of Fleeming Jenkin is to be issued by Longmans in a separate edition.

The same house has in hand "The Authority of Religious Experience," by Dr. Slattery, rector of Grace Church, New York.

Mrs. Stratton-Porter's new book, "Moths of the Limberlost," is announced by Doubleday, Page & Co. for June.

Bell & Sons of London are bringing out in eighteen volumes of about 120 pages each a series of English History Source Books, covering the range of English history from Roman Britain to 1887. The work is under the general editorship of Kenneth Bell and S. E. Winbolt.

Dr. E. Sieper of Munich is the editor of a work in several volumes which will begin to appear shortly. Its title is "Modern England," and it will be published by the German-Anglo Committee for the promotion of friendly relations between the two countries.

The second issue in the American Historical Series, edited by Charles H. Haskins (the first was Professor Hazen's "Europe Since 1815"), is an "Historical Atlas," by William R. Shepherd, professor of history in Columbia University. The books are published by Henry Holt & Co., but the printing of the maps in the present volume has been entrusted to Koerner & Dietrich of Leipzig. The impression is beautifully clear. The maps begin with the ancient empires and conclude with a plan of the Panama Canal. Besides the usual maps of countries, cities, battles, there are such interesting additions as a Ground Plan of a Monastery (St. Gall), a Plan of a Mediæval Manor, etc. The book is well conceived and well executed. An interesting addition to Everyman's Library (Dutton) is "A Literary and Historical Atlas of Europe," by J. G. Bartholomew. The historical maps begin with Europe in 525 A. D. After them come plans of battles and maps of such regions as Dumas's Novels, Borrow's "Lavengro," Dickens's Works, etc. At the end is a literary gazetteer, followed by the index.

Percy Ashley's "Modern Tariff History," of which the first edition was published in 1904, now appears in a second edition (Dutton). The main changes consist in the addition of chapters to each of the three parts into which the book is divided—on Germany, the United States, and France, respectively. The new chapter on Germany describes the revised commercial treaties concluded with almost all countries in 1903-06, and the conventional tariff which went into effect in 1906; that on the United States, of course, takes up our Payne-Aldrich act of 1909; that on France considers the latest measure of all, the French revised tariff of 1910. In these supplements the same qualities appear which made the book valuable in its first edition—clear exposition, accuracy, absence of prepossession, and a judicial statement of the currents of opinion in the several countries. Mr. Ashley's judgments may sometimes seem colorless to those having strong convictions on the controverted questions of principle, but they are always sensible, and between the lines one reads a clear sympathy with liberal trade policies. It cannot be said, on the whole, that the trend of recent legislation has been in the liberal direction. Mr. Ashley notes, indeed, the signs of reaction against extreme protectionism in this country; but in Germany the new conventional tariff leaves the duties on manufactures on the whole unchanged, and increases the rates on agricultural products, while in France the tariff of 1910 pushes protection a notch higher. The book can be heartily commended as a general survey of the course of tariff legislation in the three countries since the close of the eighteenth century.

The verses which John Stow asserts in his chronicle were made by Lydgate for the pageants at Queen Margaret's entry into London, 1445, have most probably been unearthed, after lying in manuscript only partially identified all these years. They were found by Prof. Carleton Brown of Bryn Mawr College, in MS. Harl. 3869, just preceding the "Confessio Amantis." The verses bear no signature, but the scribe's superscription, part of which has been trimmed away, reads: "1445, ye 28 of May, Quene Margaret . . . the Citie of london." Also, headings belonging to the poem correspond so closely to Stow's account as to make the identification almost complete. So the tag to one stanza is "Atte the Brigge foot in Suthwerke Pees and plente. Ingredimini et replete terram"; in Stow are the words: "At the bridge foote toward Southwarke, a pageant of peace and plenty, *Ingredimini, & replete terram,* and certaine verses in English." On what authority Stow ascribed the verses to Lydgate does not appear, but Mr. Brown is right in thinking that tests of style serve to confirm it. The work is surely no more brilliant than the Monk of Bury's good-intentioned best, and besides has much of his quality. Mr. Brown in printing his find, which amounts to 170 lines, explains that at one place a space, sufficient for two stanzas, has been left blank by the scribe (who may have been copying what he knew to be a faulty document), and by a pretty bit of reasoning surmises the nature of their contents.

Arnold H. M. Lunn has edited a volume of "Oxford Mountaineering Essays" (Longmans), devoted rather to the suitable preparation of the spirit of the prospective climber than to the relation of climbing experiences actually achieved. The book opens with an appreciation of Prof. C. J. Holmes as an artist of mountains, by Michael T. H. Sadler of Balliol. The mountain artist, he holds, needs a discriminating hypercivilized primitivism, which shall have at its command a wealth of detailed knowledge from which wisely to select and discard until the proper synthetic effect shall be attained, and this quality he finds in Holmes to a greater degree than in any other modern artist. As for artists of an earlier day, the necessary selective point of view simply made no appeal, he holds. Norman Egerton Young contributes a readable essay on Mountains in Greek Poetry, fitly interspersed with quotations generally, though not invariably, translated at the foot of the page. Homer and Hesiod, Pindar, Theocritus, Æschylus, and Euripides are all drawn upon, Homer furnishing more than the other five combined. A chapter on "Roof-Climbing at Oxford" may suggest a *reductio ad absurdum,* but the philosophic spirit in which it is cast saves it. The volume as a whole is a commendable offshoot of Oxford culture, and will make pleasant reading to any one who has the requisite sympathy with the point of view.

In a monograph entitled "Saleswomen in Mercantile Stores, Baltimore, 1909" (Charities Publication Committee), the Russell Sage Foundation has published the results of an inquiry which it undertook in co-operation with the Consumers' League of Maryland. The author, who died before her book appeared, was Miss Elizabeth B. Butler, known for her earlier investigation of women's trades in connection with the Pittsburgh Survey. In the present volume she has set down the results of a comprehensive and painstaking study of shop conditions—heating, lighting, ventilation; arrangements for rest, refreshment, and the general comfort of employees; the organization of the working force; in particular, hours of work, irregular and intermittent employment, wages, bonuses, and rates of pay for overtime. The reader finds not so much an interpretation as an accumulation of material. Moreover, the material for the most part is of a kind which yields its fullest meaning only to persons with knowledge of comparable conditions elsewhere, and with the trained understanding to which bare figures are vivid. An exception to this general rule is the eminently readable chapter on saleswomen themselves, in which certain types of working-women are sympathetically and convincingly portrayed. Even in the dryest passages, Miss Butler wrote with prepossessing simplicity and readiness of expression.

While no great weight, either literary or historical, attaches to the "Memoirs of the duc de Lauzun" (translated by E. Jules Méras; Sturgis & Walton), they are decidedly entertaining. The author gives circumstantial accounts of his love affairs with French, English, and Polish ladies. Up to 1783 he had about twenty-one, including Mrs. Robinson ("Perdita"). Twenty of these were successful; but he relates them in such a matter of fact way that one has difficulty in finding the basis for a formal charge of conceit or fatuity, though he undoubtedly had his full share of both. Needless to say, his affairs led him into a variety of situations, none the less amusing as we read of them in English from the fact that the translator writes with a quaint French accent. There was Lady Sarah Bunbury's note, for instance, written in English and containing the simple message, "I love you," the duke at the time not knowing a word of anything but French. He had to rush out and buy a dictionary before he could embrace her. After 1778 he was largely occupied with military matters; he recaptured the colony of Senegal, which had been taken by the English, and later went to serve with Rochambeau in America. He rode so hard and fought so well for our cause that we can easily forgive him the following observation on a fellow officer, also French, laboring with a company of militia; "M. de Choisy is a brave man, but constantly in a passion. He began by telling the militia they were all

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poltroons, and in five minutes frightened them almost as much as the English, and assuredly that was saying a great deal." He returned to France after Yorktown, and the memoirs come to an end, though he lived ten years longer and became a distinguished general in the Revolution. His noble blood, however, his past relations with the royal family, his independent character, and his moderation towards Vendean prisoners, finally brought him to the scaffold, in 1793.

Theodor Fontane's "Grete Minde" is a characteristic work of the author, and is one of the most remarkable short stories in German. For the sake of the text alone H. W. Thayer's edition (Holt) is therefore welcome. But it further commends itself by a sympathetic review of the career of Fontane, abundant historical and geographical data bearing upon the story, and as many notes to the text as the intelligent student is likely to need.

"Das Nest der Zaunkönige" (Heath), the third story in Gustav Freytag's cycle of historical novels, "Die Ahnen," appears in abbreviated form in the edition of E. C. Roedder and C. H. Handschin. Summaries, in English, replace in the text omitted portions of considerable length; we should rather have seen these summaries transferred to the notes. The introduction warmly commends the democratic spirit and the moral earnestness of the author, and the notes give scrupulous attention to peculiarities of style as well as to matters of historical fact. A valuable feature of the notes is a preliminary presentation in systematic form of archaisms and other devices by means of which Freytag sought to transport his readers back to the beginning of the eleventh century.

According to a recent announcement, the Nobel Institute of Christiania, Norway, is about to begin the publication of a series of scientific works under the title: Publications de l'Institut Nobel norvégien. The purpose will be to treat questions of interest for the international peace movement. The publications will be printed in English, French, or German. The first volume was issued May 1, is by Dr. A. Räder of Christiania, Norway, and bears the title: "L'Arbitrage international chez les Hellènes." This large work will be followed by other studies by Prof. Achille Loria, Turin; Prof. L. Oppenheim of Cambridge; Prof. H. Lammasch of Vienna; Prof. Phil. Zorn of Bonn; Prof. P. Reinsch of the University of Wisconsin; Dr. H. Federspiel, Copenhagen University, and Prof. Halfdan Koht of Christiania University.

The Publications of the Society for the Advancement of Scandinavian Study, Vol. I, nr. 2, has just been issued by the secretary of the Society. It contains an article on Ibsen's "Peer Gynt," by Dr. A. M. Sturtevant; a "Study of Selma Lagerlöf's Style," by Dr. A. L. Elmquist, and one on "A Type of Scandinavian Word-Formation," by Dr. Leonard Bloomfield, besides other excellent material. Especially welcome will be the "Notes on Recent Scandinavian Publications," which includes some thirty of the most important works on Northern literature, philology, history, and culture recently issued in Scandinavia, Germany, and America.

The literary executors of the late Prof. Borden P. Bowne have published two of his courses of informal classroom lectures, under the title "Kant and Spencer" (Houghton, Mifflin). While the book contains some shrewd criticisms of Spencer, whom Professor Bowne first assailed in his earliest writing, nearly forty years ago, it brings no very substantial addition to philosophical literature. Suitable enough, no doubt, for their primary purpose, the lectures hardly had such originality and importance as to make inevitable their perpetuation in a bulky volume. The text, taken down by a stenographer and unrevised by the author, abounds in verbal errors and is singularly slipshod in style.

Nearly four years after the appearance of the first volume of "The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge" (Funk & Wagnalls), the publication of Volume XII (Trench-Zwingli) completes the work. The editor is Samuel Macauley Jackson, who has had the assistance of George William Gilmore, and, in Volumes I-VI, Charles Colebrook Sherman. This encyclopædia is a reconstruction of the celebrated "Realencyklopädie für protestantische Theologie und Kirche," of which the first edition, under the editorship of Tholuck and Herzog, was completed in twenty-two volumes in 1868, and which reached a third edition in 1896. The late Philip Schaff edited an English edition in three volumes and very much condensed, which was completed in 1884. In 1891 a third edition in four volumes was published. The present work is a more ambitious undertaking, the twelve volumes extending to above 6,000 pages and including more than 20,000 titles. The articles from the third German edition have been revised and condensed, for the most part by their authors, and much new matter has been supplied, especially on topics of interest to English and American students. Brief sketches of a large number of living theological scholars and religious workers have been included. Much attention has been given to the bibliographies, under the direction of George William Gilmore, and these form the most valuable feature of the work. The encyclopædia is Protestant in point of view, retaining in this respect the character of its German basis, which was constructed in opposition to the great Catholic work of Wetzer and Welte, but it is non-partisan towards the various Protestant denominations. It is conservative, especially in the fields of doctrinal and biblical theology, in which departments the articles are of least value. Of much greater merit are the contributions in church history, ecclesiastical biography, and comparative religion. The work is adapted to the needs of the general student, rather than to those of the specialist, although the investigator will often find the bibliographies of real help. It records progress and registers present opinion, but does not add to knowledge nor advance new theories. In biblical questions it is behind both Cheyne and Hastings, and is hardly equal to some recent secular encyclopædias on ground which it occupies in common with them. Its importance lies in the large territory of special interest to religious students which is not covered by any recent work of such wide scope.

"What Is Judaism? A Survey of Jewish Life, Thought, and Achievement" (Putnam), by Abram S. Isaacs, does not bear out the promise of its rather pretentious title. It is a collection of essays of very slight texture, reprinted from various periodicals, on subjects which, for their adequate treatment, require far more space than was at their author's command. Ten pages each suffice for Jewish history and literature, and such a weighty subject as "Has Judaism a Future?" is discussed in a purely rhapsodic manner. Sentences like the following abound in this chapter: "The Jew, then, is neither a Daniel Deronda nor a Fagin, neither a Shylock nor a Nathan"; "Call him an arrested development, if you like; a survival, an anachronism," etc. etc. Even worse things are met with elsewhere. There are exasperating repetitions and grammatical constructions at which one gasps, as, for instance:

> And, just as their constant migrations over so long a period insured their physical vitality, as they overcame obstacles and unfavorable conditions, so their continuous contact with new epochs of culture, *now in Persia, now Arabia, now Spain, now* Central Europe, here in Italy, and there in Poland: whether it was the Renaissance or the Reformation, the age of feudalism or the age of steam, this continuity of impressions and influences gave freshness and vigor to their intellects.

A list of Jewish celebrities, ludicrously incomplete, appears three times (pp. 58, 70, and 106). It includes Paul Lindau, the son of a Protestant pastor. The literary ineptitude of the book stares at the reader in many statements, like, "Among noted works that have been translated into Hebrew are 'The Mysteries of Paris,' plays of Shakespeare, poems of Schiller and Goethe, and choice productions from Longfellow, Mark Twain, Zola, and De Maupassant." The chapter on the Story of the Synagogue alone has some value. It is difficult to see why Professor Isaacs should have thought it expedient to gather into a volume, with so little change and revision, fugitive papers which merely obscure his well-known familiarity with Jewish subjects.

To all who know the delights of intelligent sight-seeing we recommend "Travellers' Tales" (Putnam), by Mrs. Manson Smith (for the mysterious "Princess" turns out to be a woman prominent in Baltimore society). The charm of this book lies in the fact that the author, instead of attempting to out-Baedeker Baedeker, assumes the reader to be well acquainted with Europe, and treats in detail only those things which are likely to have escaped his notice. Rather than a mere guide, she is a cultured impressionist; and her knowledge and understanding of what she sees are not due to hasty cramming. Then, too, she never gives one the impression of being hurried, of being the slave of a fixed itinerary; for she is not "doing" Europe, but enjoying it. Nor does she play the part of a forlorn sojourner in any of the countries that she visits, for she is entertained nearly everywhere she goes. In Madrid she is invited to witness a bull-fight from a private box, in London she sits in the peers' stand to watch the Royal Progress, and at Fox How she takes tea with Dr. Arnold's daughter. And she induces foreigners whom she has met by chance to talk in an interesting way. For instance, an old gentleman from Basle tells her of the quaint wedding

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formalities and curious tipping customs that prevail in his native city. The main flaws in the book—and they are not bad ones—are her too-frequent adverse references to a certain ex-President, which seem rather out of place, and her choosing to begin and end with anecdotes about trained fleas—neither of them very apt or funny.

The report comes to us from Leipzig of the death, in his sixty-second year, of Edwin Bornemann, who was known for his advocacy of the Baconian authorship of Shakespearean plays.

Science

The Great Star Map. By H. H. Turner, F. R. S. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1 net.

Just a quarter century ago, nearly sixty astronomers were assembled in Paris to organize a huge scientific enterprise. No less a task it was than to photograph all important stars in the heavens, whether north or south, calculate and publish their numerical positions, and issue lithograph plates of the whole. The way that it came about was this: the desirability of photographic charts had often been discussed, but their possibility had first been demonstrated in 1882 when the great comet of that year was photographed by Sir David Gill at the Cape, and alongside it, on the same negative, unexpected numbers of faint stars. This at once showed clearly that star charts could be made by photography in vastly less time than had heretofore been consumed in the laborious method of setting them down optically. Eighteen great observatories originally undertook to parcel out the whole sky and procure the necessary plates, with the intention of obtaining an indisputable record of the face of the stellar heavens at the close of the nineteenth century, which should be available for study by the astronomers of any future age. Five were British, four French, two Italian, three were German, Russian, and Spanish, respectively, and five Latin-American. Singularly the United States has never joined in this great international undertaking, although the high honor of taking the first photograph of a star fell to Bond at the Harvard Observatory in 1850, as Professor Turner relates.

Of all the contributing astronomers, none could have given a better popular account of this vast work than Mr. Turner has given in this little volume, which makes even the technicalities of such research acceptable to the lay reader. Each observatory has taken from a thousand to fifteen hundred plates, each containing stars varying in number from less than a hundred in sparse areas to 5,000 in the rich regions of the Milky Way. After exposure and development came the measures, which required many millions of figures, and "took a staff of four or five people at Oxford some ten years or so to complete; and the printing of them another four years." Although the Great Star Map in all its sections and aspects is yet far from complete, Mr. Turner writes hopefully of its probable conclusion within the next few years, and points out how, even in its present unfinished stage, it has served as a means of detecting new and variable stars, and in verifying theories of stellar motion and distribution. Incidentally, too, a campaign was undertaken about ten years ago for getting the sun's parallax by measuring photographs of the asteroid Eros, and the result exhibits a remarkable degree of precision. Mr. Turner goes critically into the estimated cost of the Great Star Map, and finds it to exceed half a million sterling; and if the work were published in full completeness of chart and volume, it is certain that the shelves of observatory libraries the world over would bend and burst with the costly mass. But every one who reads this story of the unique enterprise will find out just why it has been immensely worth while.

The D. Van Nostrand Co. is issuing a large number of texts on engineering subjects. They are generally to be commended, but it is vexatious to have them bound in so flimsy a manner, and printed on cheap paper, highly glazed and unnecessarily loaded. The books are far from cheap, and better material should be used. Prof. Julius Frith of the University of Manchester presents a rather elementary treatise on "Alternating Current Design." "Electric Traction and Transmission Engineering," by Prof. Samuel Sheldon is an exposition of the main problems encountered in the design of a complete electric railway system from the cars to the power station. "The Electric Central Station Distributing Systems" of Messrs. Harry B. Gear and P. F. Williams has a similar aim in untangling the complexities of distributing stations. These two books fit well into each other. The student who has learned the theory of the electric transformer, even from such excellent books as those of Professor Kapps or Professor Fleming, needs an introduction to the practical aspects of transformer design and construction. "The Design of Static Transformers," by H. M. Hobart, is an adequate help for such problems.

"Vehicles of the Air" (Chicago: The Reilly & Britton Co.), by Victor Lougheed, which was first issued in 1909, now appears in a third edition. Though the book has been somewhat expanded, few of the many new machines are described or pictured. Yet, in its present form, it contains many interesting facts about flying, and even makes a study of the flight of various animals, reptiles, and fish. The part of the book touching on materials and construction is unusually good, and the author would do well to expand and develop it, if a fourth edition of the book is contemplated. He might profitably concentrate his energies on a few parts of the subject, rather than attempt to cover the entire field.

In trying to describe the various important flights which have taken place, he has been embarrassed by their very multitude. The account of them up to the end of 1909 is nearly complete. Subsequent to that date the particulars are given of those flights only which resulted in new records. The interesting computation is made that the "total distance flown is mounting up at the rate of at least 60,000 miles a week (chiefly in France), and the aggregate is well past the 1,000,000-mile mark." In all this flying the comparatively few fatal accidents have generally been "due to some preventable carelessness or recklessness, rather than to any inherent danger inseparable from the reasonably judicious use of the new vehicles of the air." The tabular history of flights brings the story up to July, 1911. On page 214, the faulty table of wind pressures at various velocities, taken from the "Mechanical Engineer's Pocket Book," should have been corrected, the actual pressures being about 40 to 45 per cent. less than those given. The book contains above 500 pages and 270 illustrations, many of the latter being remarkably fine. It can be recommended to general readers, and, for certain purposes, to engineers.

John Wesley Hoyt, former Territorial Governor of Wyoming and professor of chemistry in certain Ohio colleges, died a week ago in Washington in his eighty-second year. Mr. Hoyt's interests were very wide. He published treatises on agriculture, civil service, chemistry, and a history of ancient and modern universities. He was sent by the United States as Commissioner to expositions in London, Paris, and Vienna, and was decorated with the Imperial Order of Francis Joseph.

Drama

Play-Making: A Manual of Craftsmanship. By William Archer. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $2 net.

This book exhibits all the qualities which naturally would be looked for in a work by William Archer, who has long been recognized as one of the ablest and most experienced of English dramatic critics. It is admirably written, rich in theatrical learning, and closely packed with sound, if somewhat obvious, advice. On the other hand, it is not remarkable for catholicity of taste or breadth of judgment. On all points dependent upon expert knowledge it speaks with authority, but only the most devoted of Ibsen worshippers will agree with all its critical opinions. Mr. Archer's perceptive faculty is often strangely blinded by his Norwegian obsession.

In defining the dramatic or undramatic he finds no difficulty, of course, in demonstrating the fact that drama does not always and inevitably consist in the conflict of will against will or in a victory over obstacles. He suggests that the real essence of it is crisis, and that

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a dramatic scene reveals a crisis within a crisis, furthering the ultimate event. This is true enough, but is scarcely an improvement upon the old and simple formula that drama is the revelation of character by circumstance. He is on sure ground when he pours ridicule upon the elaborate analytical stage directions of Bernard Shaw and other modern dramatists; but he fails to see, or at all events to say, that this device, in many instances, is merely a cloak to conceal the inability of the writers to make their characters self-expressive. His discussion of the proper limits of the "scenario"—how many details ought to be included in the first rough draft of a play and to what extent the author ought to feel bound by them—though full of acute observation, will not help the student much, as he is forced to admit that every playwright must necessarily employ the method best suited to his own abilities. But it may be observed that the degree of what he terms the "plasticity" of the framework and characters must depend, first, upon the imaginative power of the creator, and, secondly, upon the definiteness and sincerity of his purpose. It is only in the making of the serious artistic play that the question is of much moment.

His chapters on The Point of Attack are interesting in their illustrative comparisons and nicety of critical dissection, but prove nothing except the independence of dramatic genius of all rules except the few fundamental principles familiar to everybody. Virtually, as Mr. Archer remarks in his preface, there is no universal prescription for playmaking. The art of it is largely instinctive, but may be developed, of course, by the study of what has been achieved by the masters. It is doubtful, however, whether much is to be learned from such comparisons and distinctions as he draws between such antipodal authors as Shakespeare and Ibsen. Such conceits, however ingenious, are purely fantastic. But they at least lead up to the confession that the retrospective and hereditary drama is not superior in plan or effect to the Shakespearean masterpieces which are content to reflect living human beings without reference to their pedigrees. There is excellent matter in the chapter on the proper functions of the first act, with a good deal that is superfluous. Much more valuable and instructive, in its combination of philosophical reasoning with significant illustration, is the essay distinguishing the interest of an audience from its mere curiosity, and showing the importance of keeping alive the expectation of an impending crisis. The subsequent discussion concerning the wisdom of a continuous maintenance or occasional relaxation of dramatic tension, is virtually an elaboration of this topic, but its illustrations are not always felicitous. Ibsen is not an infallible guide.

The article on the nature and use of the "peripety" shows a richly stored and ready memory, but is largely clever padding. It is followed, however, by an admirable paper on the difference between reasonable chance and improbable coincidence, with enlightening examples of both, and vigorous insistence upon the respect which the playwright must pay to plausibility. The question of the legitimacy of ending a dramatic dilemma by the sudden conversion of a dominant character—which is the subject of a succeeding chapter—is not susceptible of much argument. Here, plainly, plausibility must be the chief determining factor. In the essay upon "character-drawing" and "psychology" there seems to be some confusion of ideas, although it is impossible to suspect Mr. Archer of ignorance of the essential difference between the two things. On the subjects of "dialogue" and "details" he writes humorously, and, in the main, justly; but all artificial dialogue is not of the same quality as his quotations. And is the stage soliloquy so absolutely inadmissible? Many persons, when alone, do unquestionably talk aloud to themselves. This is by no means the only point on which many readers will disagree with Mr. Archer, but his book is a very good one, although, for practical purposes, it is needlessly long. Facility of composition is frequently a snare to him.

Next season Winthrop Ames, in association with Lee Shubert, will produce "June Madness," by Henry Kitchell Webster. This is the native play which was presented in Chicago early this season by the Drama Players. Mr. Webster is well known as a novelist by his "Calumet K." "The Banker and the Bear," etc., "June Madness" is his first essay as a playwright. Mr. Ames and Mr. Shubert have engaged Hedwig Reicher to act the principal part, that of Mrs. Thornborough, in which she made a hit in Chicago.

Augustus Thomas has changed the title of his new comedy from "When It Comes Home" to "The Model." The earlier name had, he found, been preëmpted by another dramatist. The latest designation will fit the story equally well.

William Faversham announces his intention of entering the Shakespearean field next season. He proposes to begin with a revival of "Julius Cæsar," which he promises shall be a happy mean between the profusely spectacular and the too austerely simple. The character he has selected for himself is that of Antony. Tyrone Power will be Brutus, Frank Keenan Cassius, and Julie Opp Portia. Afterward he intends to make other Shakespearean productions. Manifestly there is room for a third competitor in the arena in which Mr. Mantell and Mr. Sothern have been so successful.

Charles Frohman is meditating a new stage version of Lewis Carroll's "Alice Through the Looking Glass." The adaptation is to be made by Edward Sheldon. There is to be accompanying instrumental music, but no musical numbers. It is said that the production will illustrate some of the latest ideas in stage craft.

At the annual meeting of the trustees of Shakespeare's birthplace at Stratford, Sir Sidney Lee said that the redistribution of the collections between the Birthplace and the New Place must be done very systematically. His own notion was to retain on exhibition at the Birthplace all biographic records and documents relating to the personal history of Shakespeare and his family, early editions of Shakespeare's works, rare books, illustrating his life or writing, early portraits, relics that could be reasonably claimed to be personal memorials of Shakespeare or of his father—who lived and died in the Birthplace—and all early views of the Birthplace. At the Birthplace visitors should come as nearly as is possible into touch with Shakespeare's career. Nothing that was associated in any way directly with Shakespeare would be sent away. Nash's House he would devote to everything that illustrated the early history of the town, its development after Shakespeare's death; objects of Shakespearean interest later than Shakespeare's own time, and to specimens of domestic furniture of the sixteenth or early seventeenth century, for which there never had been room at the Birthplace. He should also like to see at New Place a tablet with an inscription stating what had once stood there, and what had become of the edifice, and recalling that Halliwell Phillips was the moving spirit in the acquisition of the estate. In Nash's House, too, he would place tablets descriptive of its history.

A great demonstration in honor of Maurice Maeterlinck was held in the Royal Opera House, Brussels, the other evening. The King and Queen of Belgium were present, with many other notable persons. The poet himself was the centre of general observation and attention. Madame Bartet of the Comédie Française recited a eulogy from the pen of Gérard Harry. Next Madame Bartet read some pages from Maeterlinck's "Nuptial Flight of the Bee," which were enthusiastically applauded. This was followed by the performance of the four acts of "Pelléas and Mélisande," with the incidental music written for it by Gabriel Fauré, the director of the Paris Conservatoire, who had come from France to conduct the orchestra. The poet's wife, Mme. Georgette Leblanc Maeterlinck, appeared in the part of Mélisande, while MM. Alexandre and Ravet of the Comédie Française played the rôles of Goaud and Arkel. The tragedy never had a finer interpretation.

Under the title "Polite Farces" (Doran), Arnold Bennett publishes three little pieces, which are said to be for the drawing-room. The intellectual status of the drawing-room is not defined, but it ought not to be much superior to that of the nursery for these playlets to find approval. In "The Stepmother" fun of an elementary kind is made of a vain and foolish woman, who is described as a popular novelist. In "A Good Woman" a girl, on her wedding morning, hesitates between her betrothed and an old lover who turns up unexpectedly. "A Question of Sex" concerns an attempt to palm off a girl baby as a boy upon a rich bachelor uncle. They are all humorous after a fashion, but are wholly unworthy of Mr. Bennett's abilities, and there is no discern-

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ible reason why they should be embalmed in print.

Music

The urn containing the ashes of Felix Mottl is now deposited in a monument erected to the memory of the great Wagner conductor in the Waldfriedhof, near Munich. The monument is by Prof. Fritz Behn; beside the name of Felix Mottl it has carved on it the words, "Orpheus and Eurydice."

The German poet and novelist, Felix Dahn who died last January, supplied a number of musicians with material for their compositions. Xaver Scharwenka derived the plot for his opera, "Mataswintha," from Dahn's famous story, "Der Kampf um Rom," while Heinrich Vogl and Ferdinand Doebber used other of his stories operatically. George Henschel made a successful musical ballad of "Jung Dietrich," and other of Dahn's poems were turned into songs by Weingartner, Ingeborg von Bronsart, K. von Perfall, Christian Sinding, etc.

Frederick S. Converse, whose "Pipe of Desire" was produced at the Metropolitan while another of his works, "The Sacrifice," was staged in Boston, is composing a third opera, the name of which has not yet been revealed.

Among the novelties played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra during the past season was a set of "Character Pieces," by Arthur Foote—four piano pieces orchestrated by the composer himself, so skilfully that no one would have suspected they had not been composed originally for the orchestra. The audience liked them also because of their melodious traits and touches of Oriental color.

London harbors 1,700 professional vocalists, and no fewer than 638 of these are sopranos. Of "professors" of the voice, piano, violin, etc., there are more than 6,730. Of solo violinists there are a round thousand, but strangest of all is the fact that there are no fewer than 400 musical directors. The choral societies of London and outskirts number 73.

There are in Germany and other European countries 120 theatres in which operas and operettas are sung in the German language. They employ about 3,000 professional chorus singers. These are not only shamefully underpaid but in only twenty-eight of the theatres referred to are they employed more than six or seven months a year.

Rudolf Schütz has written a book (published by Breitkopf & Härtel) on Stephen Heller, a composer whose pieces are undeservedly neglected. In his day prominent judges accounted him the equal or even the superior of Chopin. That he was not; but he wrote at least a dozen piano pieces, the revival of which concert-goers would applaud. Most of Heller's works belong to the realm of drawing-room music; but there is much more substance in them than in the productions of Thalberg, which mistakenly were supposed to be equal to Liszt's. Among the compositions of Heller which one is more likely to hear to-day are the Tarantelle in A flat, the "Lilli Preludes," and the sketch "Im Walde."

The Austrian Government has officially approved the value of mechanical sound-reproducing machines for educational purposes. The "Ministerium für Kultus und Unterricht" in Vienna has contributed funds for the publication of a "Neue Gesangsschule mit praktischen Beispielen auf dem Grammophon," by Prof. Eugen Fischer and the *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung* speaks highly of the value of the new method. It consists in providing records to produce exercises and songs as sung by prominent artists. The pupil first listens to these attentively, then sings with them, and finally tries to sing the music alone, as nearly as possible with the same tone-color and phrasing as the original. A number of teachers have attained gratifying results by this method.

Jan Blockx, the composer, who was born in Antwerp in 1851, died last week in his native town. Since 1886 he had been a teacher of harmony at the Antwerp Conservatory. He composed a number of operas and orchestral pieces, and was busy on a work for the Metropolitan Opera House, New York.

Art

THE LONDON ACADEMY.

LONDON, May 17.

The famous Burlington House institution is not only an Academy, but a Royal Academy. The principal place in the chief room is therefore occupied this year by a "command" picture of the coronation. This piece had to be done by somebody, and Mr. Bacon has probably got through the business as well as the circumstances allowed. It contains scores of portraits, executed with photographic exactness, but except for the royal personages themselves, a few bishops, and two or three generals, there is scarcely any one to whose features an ordinarily well-informed person could attach a name. Christopher Williams's representation of the investiture of the Prince of Wales at Carnarvon Castle was not required to be a portrait album of the aristocracy, and is proportionately more interesting. But both these pictures are attempts at a kind of pictorial record which in these days is achieved more effectively by the kinemacolor process.

In historical pictures generally this year's Academy is singularly lacking. Scarcely any painter has found inspiration in the life of ancient times, or even in early legends. The Bible supplies only one subject, a Job. Classical mythology gives the usual Sirens, and two Penelopes. One of these, by J. W. Waterhouse, shows the faithful wife working at the loom and treating with indifference the suitors who are offering her flowers through the open window. In the other, by Sydney Muschamp, she is undoing her work by night. Sir L. Alma-Tadema sends a picture with a classical setting. It is entitled Preparations: In the Coliseum, and its archæological detail would make it tempting material for a jigsaw puzzle.

Apart from a few battle pictures—Rossbach, Albuera, San Sebastian, and Balaklava—there is little to arrest the eye in the scenes from modern history. The subjects include the death of Rufus; a council of Queen Elizabeth's deliberating on the news of the sailing of the Armada, assisted by the inevitable globe; the first performance of "The Merry Wives of Windsor"; the Speaker being held down in the chair of the Commons in 1628; a gathering of Jacobites; and Dr. Johnson visiting Sir Joshua Reynolds's studio. An unfinished picture by the late Edwin Abbey, The Education of Isabella the Catholic, is successful mainly by its contrast between the gorgeous array of Isabella herself and the religious garb of other figures in the procession.

On the whole, the most attractive pictures are those which treat varied scenes by sea and land—not merely the seascapes and landscapes, technically speaking, but those whose appeal is heightened by human interest. Their wide range may be illustrated by taking a few instances at random; for example, clearing timber in Wharfedale, foxhunting in the Midlands, the coffee hour in a Breton village, passengers waiting for a ferry in Zeeland, an autumn evening in the Alps, a pergola at Capri, the morning sun at Douarnenez, and even the Yee Fung Mun Gate at Nanking.

J. S. Sargent, who has no portraits this year, draws upon his Italian experiences for a vivid Bringing Down Marble from the Quarries to Carrara, a Breakfast in the Loggia, and a so-called Cypresses, which is really a study of sunlight falling on the backs of three Sienese oxen. A curiosity in its way is a picture by Sir Harry Johnston, the African explorer, who began his career as an art student and still follows painting as a hobby. It is a water-color, depicting a row of flamingoes on the Lake of Tunis.

W. L. Wyllie and C. Napier Hemy are still ahead of all their rivals as marine artists. They have, respectively, five and six canvases, each with the authentic tang of the sea. Miss Alice Fanner specializes successfully in pictures of yacht races. Coast scenery appeals to B. W. Leader, whose Evening on the Sands of Towyn, especially, wins high praise. Dreadnoughts, submarines, and the like are represented by some of the younger sea painters. Strangely enough, the most recent of all inventions finds its chronicler in the doyen of the Academy. James Sant, born in 1820, has lived long enough to paint a picture of two peasants gazing upwards from a hillside path at an aeroplane. As the work of a veteran in his tenth decade this is one of the marvels of the exhibition, for it shows no trace of failing powers.

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The usual space has been given to pictures of homely incident. In A Bolt from the Blue a lady taking a quiet meal with her daughters is disturbed by a fateful telegram. Grandmother's Wardrobe shows a young girl scrutinizing the contents of an old chest, and in The Oak Cupboard there is a similar investigation of forgotten treasures. A blacksmith has made such a good job of mending a child's iron hoop that the artist labels it As Good as Ever. Bank Holiday, by William Strang, presents a young working couple seated at the table of a restaurant. There is an air of mingled helplessness and courage on the face of the man as he studies the wine list. In Home from the War a young soldier in the uniform of the Peninsular period is discoursing to a group of old friends occupying the settle of a village inn. In a similar setting the politicians of the countryside are discussing The Question of the Day.

A Rehearsal with Nikisch is less notable for its study of the orchestra than for its representation of the interior of the Queen's Hall. A different type of rehearsal is brought to mind in the spectacle of a monk and choristers trying over The New Chant. Another art is recognized in The Ballet Master and in John Lavery's La Mort du Cygne, a reminiscence of the final pose of Anna Pavlova's famous dance.

The grimmest picture is Vendetta. An Italian, appropriately accoutred, is peering over the wall of a mountain road into a ravine, into whose depths the other party to the feud has presumably disappeared. For the sake of contrast, this ought to have been hung next to Be Prepared, in which the Boy Scout movement receives serious treatment.

Such pictures tell their own tale, but there are a few that would require an explanatory memorandum to make them intelligible. Among them is one by J. C. Dollman, aptly entitled The Unknown. A half-nude woman is seated in front of a fire in a desert, facing a group of monkeys. She is commonly supposed to be a witch. No less mysterious is Briton Rivière's Into the Valley of the Shadow of Death, an allegory of knights, wolves, hares, etc, galloping through a vale towards a young lady with rosebuds. More easily understood, but equally freakish, is Arthur Wardle's The Lure of the North, with its mermaid seated on an iceberg, up which polar bears are clambering out of an Arctic sea.

Portraits are always a notable feature of a Royal Academy exhibition. This year Sir Luke Fildes is painting the "State portrait" of the King apropos of the Coronation, but it will not be ready until next month. William Llewellyn, who was elected an associate a few days ago, has completed his "State portrait" of the Queen, and Arthur S. Cope contributes one of the Prince of Wales. In Emil Oesterman's King of Sweden one's attention is distracted from the royal sitter by the painful newness of the suit he is wearing. The British Cabinet is represented by excellent portraits of the Prime Minister, the Lord Chancellor, the Foreign Secretary, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Labor party by Solomon J. Solomon's still more effective likeness of its leader, J. Ramsey Macdonald. At least three eminent judges hang in effigy on the walls; the other men of mark portrayed here include Lord Avebury, Gen. Botha, Bishop Talbot, John Murray, the publisher; Bland Sutton, the surgeon (with a vacant operating table in front of him); and Prof. Bernard Hopkinson of Cambridge. Mrs. Lees is shown in the robes she wore as Mayor of Oldham in 1910. Some striking faces look out from the portraits of little-known or unnamed persons. There are several charming children. "A Lady and Gentleman" would have attracted attention by its intrinsic merits, but the artist, William Orpen, has made sure of its being noticed through his device of a small round mirror above the lady's head, in which he shows a reflection of himself working at his easel.

The sculpture galleries are also mainly portraiture. We find busts of Joseph Chamberlain—where the empty frame of his single eye-glass produces an odd effect; of Andrew Carnegie, of the Rev. R. J. Campbell, of Hilaire Belloc, of Lord Kitchener, and of Kennedy Jones of the *Daily Mail*, whose chief, Lord Northcliffe, has to be content with a mezzotint in the black and white room. Earl Curzon appears at full length in the model of a statue, over against a statue model of Lord Clive. Sir W. Goscombe John sends a life-size recumbent figure, in bronze, of the late Marquis of Salisbury, which is to find a place in the family chapel at Hatfield. The largest piece of statuary in the exhibition is also a memorial—Sir George Frampton's Protection, a maternal figure with two children clinging to her knees. It is to commemorate the late Dr. Barnardo at his Village Homes at Barkingside. By general consent the most artistic piece of work in this section is J. Havard Thomas's model in black wax of the Thyrsis he is to execute in bronze. H. W. H.

THE PARIS SALONS.

PARIS, May 18.

In this year's Paris salons for a far-away foreign country there are not many painters worth talking about. The fingers of both hands, perhaps of one, will count them among the 1,292 paintings of the Société Nationale and the 1,925 of the Société des Artistes Français. The only test must be—for men unknown before something unusually distinguished, and for those who are already known some remarkable new step forward.

What is the use of saying that Carolus Duran is still painting portraits as he has been doing forty years; that Aman Jean is again realizing his color scheme in a tapestry of The Four Elements, where as usual some of his figures are not clothed and others are not in their right mind, though the whole work will be vastly appreciated by the numerous generations of his pupils; that some of the most sympathetic painters—Cottet, René Ménard, Lucien Simon, and others—are conspicuous by their absence from the Nationale, and that foreigners mostly exhibit there, while the Artistes Français open their doors wider to "efforts" of young students, and also teem with portraits? Something may be said later of young Americans who win official distinctions. For present use, the man profane to art will be contented to know that ninety-nine out of a hundred of all the works exhibited verify the everlasting human truth—"The imitator of the imitator finds imitators!"

The most strikingly new exhibit at the Nationale is from a Spaniard, Valentin de Zubiaurre. His two pictures are catalogued as "Basque types." They will please those who have eyes to see such types; that is, all who have travelled in person along the unique Corniche road overlooking the Bay of Biscay from San Sebastian to Bilbao, and all who read lovingly the book of George Borrow, or take human interest in the Spain of settled habits—settled ages ago.

One of the paintings is of a holiday country scene, a few young people dancing and old folk in front with something to drink at a table beneath trees—pleasures of hope and pleasures of memory. In the other painting, seated meekly at a little table where the passers-by can drop a coin, with the candles of the dead lighted, are sober-faced fishermen's wives—"for the victims of the sea." This has been a favorite subject in Breton paintings, but how different from what we see here. The background is startlingly like the work of the Primitives; and yet it brings out the bare, rolling Basque hills under the crude light, with a distant hamlet in the valley and a few straight darkling trees. All the impressiveness of the land and the people is there—a clear-eyed, calm-nerved people, homely, but ever going forth, before Columbus and after Cortes, to discover new worlds of body and soul, or like their one saint, Loyola, to convert them.

It is another field and another manner than that cultivated by Zuloaga, who seems to lead among these Spanish painters that have been taking so high a place in late Paris Salons. Zuloaga has this year, in one picture, too much

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blood from the hapless horse of his solitary, homeward-turning bull-fighter and there is too much blood in his other painting of a realist crucifix surrounded by prodigiously unpleasant devotees. Spain, pious or sportsman, is not all so emphatic. But in his portrait picture of "my uncle Daniel and his family," Zuloaga goes a step nearer Goya, without his caricature, which essentially is excessive and unbalanced emphasis. The uncle, a worthy-looking, worn-faced painter, is at his easel; three tall daughters of what Maurice Barrès calls the Spanish "chlorotic" type, are in line, their paleness heightened by rice-powder, and contrast with great sunken black eyes and black hair, with white teeth shining between violent red lips, with dark-draped curving contours, slender, vital, distinguished, belonging to an unmixed race of a proud spinal atavism acquired by rock-climbing, seafaring ancestors before the English pudgy Apollo or long-limbed Camilla scouring the plain had been evolved. The comfortable mother is seated at one end of the canvas, the immensely modern-looking son respectfully eclipses himself at the other. It is the visualizing of the modern family of a strong ancient race and persistent middle class—of such families as the Anglo-Saxon traveller seldom gets to see.

These two painters are at the Nationale. It is only fair to say that Carlos Vasquez, among the Artistes Français, also accredits his country's painting as he did before this newer exasperated school came in. His Robber Magpie is flanked by a delicious pair of country policemen—those who remain among the best impressions of the traveller in Spain. And let no one say all these are not purely visual impressions, and so have little to do with art in today's philosophy. So much the worse for philosophy, too prominent in many paintings here in which there is indeed little left to see.

Another of the most striking painters among the Artistes Français is a foreigner—the American MacCameron. He shows a troubled couple—Waiting for the Doctor. This young painter won a considerable name for himself in the Paris Salon some years ago, by his very real Absinthe Drinkers. His work is powerful portraiture, with little that is distinctly American except a certain brutality. Frieseke and Richard Miller are his two chief American rivals in French fame of painters in these late years. They have more of their native soil attaching to their figures, perhaps because they oftener choose their models among their countrywomen. Frieseke from the beginning has aimed at lightsome feminine grace and attains it in figures curving from habits of rocking-chairs rather than from the straight-backed seats on which the conventional French girl is fashioned. Richard Miller, returning from early wanderings after what is "different" in French life, succeeds in femininity also, often with color harmonies of drapery.

The work of an American painter whose eyes had long been accustomed to Spanish life and its vital motions would be curious. This year, as in other years, there is an astonishing number of young painters, men and particularly women, who have been received at the salons for very creditable brush-work with the distinction of the master's style, without original subjects, showing that they have worked up to a high standard of mechanical excellence. When they begin to think for themselves and to train themselves to think of beautiful things in life around them or in their own higher thoughts, instead of things their masters are painting, we may have American high art.

Because we are more independent in thinking in nature, we have better landscape painters. It is an art steadily sinking in France for some reason, perhaps because a certain amount of poetry in the air is necessary to its proper existence. Among Americans of the Artistes Français, Albert Gihon has been favorably known for a number of years. His painting seems new, perhaps, because it goes back to the old, like George Inness and earlier American painters; and yet it is human as in Europe. In his summer scene at Montigny on the River Loing, he realizes a gentle, sentimental, intimately friendly art of nature touched by the loving hand of man and instinct with human life. A French painter, who has begun attracting attention for a singularly new treatment of nature is Communal, with his scenery in the higher French Alps. It is his native ground, and he has seen these high lights and red roses of dawn fleet across the Vanoise glaciers, and sheer rock descents and mountain meres. You may rebel against the exact colors, but go and see for yourself—just above Mont Cenis northward—and you will find the lights are there and the forms, and, doubtless, the relations of colors. "I never saw a landscape like that," said a Philistine to Turner. "Own up that you wish you could!" was the very proper retort of the painter who knew what he saw.

The real glory of the year's salons is at the Artistes Français, in the work of a master who was but lately young and abhorred of the Philistine. It is Henri Martin, in two paintings—Autumn and Les Dévideuses (two girls winding yarn). When I wrote of this painter at his beginnings, I was sharply reminded that he was only "decorative." He is decorative still, to a degree seen out of pictures only in fairy land. The two girls, one winding yarn from the other's hands, are seated facing each other on a stone balustrade reaching across the picture. Between the balusters and across the rail, we look off to a sudden glory of molten autumn tints from the valley below up yonder to the hills and horizon. And the lines are decorative, and the colors, and all the composition of colors and lines—with nightingales at sunset from the shining hillsides answering the heart of youth. Autumn is hung in another hall; but from the door between you can look, right and left, at both paintings at an appropriate distance. They are surely decorative; and few laboring critics would venture now to doubt that Henri Martin is a painter with a high art of his own.

One of the consolations of these recent salons is the steady advance in importance and in imaginative power of this decorative painting, that is, painting designed to fill space, architectural or not. The loss of the churches was a great blow to high art; and the loss can be made good only by sumptuous private or public constructions. Otherwise painting would be confined to gallery landscapes and portraits and imaginative combinations of them, with here and there some glorified stage-pictures. French cities have been good in ordering from their painter sons great decorative works of art for Hotels de Ville and hospitals and universities—and public gardens. And private fortunes are spending their money usefully along the same lines. Toulouse will soon be one art museum, judging from the number of paintings and statues ordered by its municipality. The Société Nationale has this year a special section for "Sculpture and Decoration of Gardens"—which is another step forward towards identifying the money-spending of the idle rich with so sane a thing as art.

To-day we are dealing with painting. At the Nationale, one of the notable pieces is The Marriage of Psyche—an arch-coving from the *plafond* of the dining-room of some Lucullus of Buenos Ayres. The painter is José Maria Sert, the Catalan, who astonished salon visitors a few years ago by colossal decorations for a cathedral in Spain. Auburtin, in the same salon, has four scenes, dainty in color and conception—Sounds of the Flute, Songs on the Water, Spring's Portrait, Nymph with a Shell. They would be lost in any gallery, but they may well decorate the lofty walls of the palace of some merchant prince. Petronius says that Nature, when she wished to perpetrate a joke, creates a "nouveau riche"; but the world will forgive any Trust magnate who knows enough to order art like that. S. D.

Commendatore Eduardo de Martino, M.V.O., marine painter in ordinary to the late Queen Victoria, is dead in England, whither he came from Italy in 1875 to pass the rest of his days. He was a man of extraordinary talents. Born in Naples sev-

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enty years ago, he soon entered the Navy, but was forced in 1867 to retire, owing to paralysis of the right side. This was the beginning of his career as artist. Fortunately, his passion for the sea could still be indulged. His pictures of boats and other marine subjects soon attracted much attention, and he had the patronage of several sovereigns. The late King Edward, the German Emperor, and the King of Italy accounted him not only a great artist, but a welcome friend. His most ambitious works include a series of eight big canvases illustrating the life of Lord Nelson and his triumphs at sea.

Finance

WHEN THE MARKETS COME TO A HALT.

Many weeks ago it was predicted on the Stock Exchange that, whatever happened in the interim, the near approach of the Presidential conventions would surely be marked by feverish activity. The political canvass is now reaching its pre-convention climax; yet financial markets, instead of responding by excited movements up or down, have lapsed into complete inertia. This mood was strikingly illustrated when the news of Mr. Roosevelt's victory at the Ohio primaries came in, a week ago. What Wall Street would say, when it read the morning papers of that Wednesday, was a question much discussed by Wall Street itself before Wednesday came. What it did appear to say on Wednesday was "Talk about something else"—which may have meant that the time was not ripe to get excited over politics, or that Wall Street lacked the capacity for excitement. At all events, the market gave no response to the political news; its attitude might have been taken, by a casual observer, to reflect complete indifference.

In fact, it was not wholly easy to adopt the programme of "talking about something else." No other subject invited animated exchange of views. The usual topics had been discussed to the point of weariness. Everybody knew all that was worth knowing about the early crops, about the steel trade, about the European money market, and about the financing of the United States Rubber Company. Not only had these matters been talked out, but the speculative markets had discounted them, over-discounted them, and checked off the proper part of the overdiscount on them. Nothing else, therefore, was reasonable to expect than that financial markets would yield to the lassitude which sometimes prevails in the spring season, and wait for something new to happen.

Sometimes there are explanations for such inertia, quite unconnected with the market's opinions on concrete events of the day. One reason why the markets halt at present is that it is not so plain as it seemed to be, a few months ago, what is to be the character of the general financial situation, later in the year. Neither in politics nor in industry nor in agriculture have events thus far moved exactly as had been anticipated, and yet it appears to be the fact that Wall Street looks on the future cheerfully. In some ways, hopefulness is probably more in the ascendant than it was in the early springtime. At the opening of March, a good part of Wall Street ridiculed the stock market for advancing in the face of the labor troubles. At the end of May, it is not only taken as perfectly natural that the market does not decline on shocks in the field of agriculture and politics, but there is a very manifest disposition to eschew all unfavorable argument and inference.

The existence of such a mood goes far to explain the absence of response on the Stock Exchange to what might be deemed unfavorable news. It is not the cheerfulness of 1908, when Wall Street and the business world decided to deny that any of the visible unpleasant facts existed, and to act as if they did not. It is unlike the enthusiasm of 1909, which was based on things that happened or that rumor insisted were soon to happen. The mood of 1912 is rather one of chastened and humble expectancy, that takes with thankfulness such good things as come, recognizes the bad things but looks for something to offset them, and still persists in the belief that matters are gradually getting better.

It is on the whole a rational and satisfactory mood, not being a product either of delusions of extravagant hope or of delusions of imaginary terror. When something of an exceedingly favorable character has unexpectedly happened in years of this sort, a period of something like a genuine boom has usually ensued. Thus far, it must be admitted that nothing of that nature is in sight; in fact, that the probability of it has apparently been blocked in at least two directions from which it might have come. But even if that were to be so during the rest of the year, there is something to say for intermediate periods of sane and prudent business, when wealth accumulates on legitimate lines.

Very probably, 1912 will be remembered in history as a year of sensational social and industrial disturbance, and perhaps of political upheaval also—it was rather impressive that readers of last week's European news accepted the barricades in the streets of Budapest (an intimate reminder of 1848) as quite a matter of course. One may suspect that the same historians who write, a generation hence, of all these movements of political unrest, will be puzzled when they read the story of the financial markets.

Perhaps the anomaly is explained by the fact that the panic of 1907 gave finance a rude but wholesome and necessary awakening from its own wild dreams. It is the markets which are sober now. But political epochs like this are apt to come in sequence to epochs when the moneyed interests were in the saddle, and were riding as wildly as the ordinary proletariat is riding now. We had a glimpse of that capitalistic orgy of a dozen years ago in the reminiscences of the shrewd Scotch promoter at last week's hearing in the Steel Trust suit. This cool-headed manufacturer described how he took at their proper valuation the ring of adventurers who were doing in the steel trade what the Fisks and Goulds were doing in the railway industry thirty years before; frightened them with a show of competition; made them pay $3,000,000 for his million-dollar steel plant, and, gauging properly the "craze for combinations all over the country," unloaded his tube plant on "two or three fools" who were ready to pay "some pretty high prices."

The Scotch must certainly have had their innings in those days; this was some years before Mr. Stevenson's compatriot did exactly the same thing on a vastly larger scale and pocketed his $217,000,000. How the resultant prodigious mass of watered stocks was again unloaded on the public is another part of the story. If the people at large are a bit wild in their present ideas of men and things and financial institutions, it is not for the High Finance of 1899 and 1901 to cast the first stone. It was infinitely madder in its day.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Andrews, E. A. The Wholesome Countenance. Newark, N. J.: The Author. 25 cents.

Angell, J. B. Selected Addresses. Longmans. $1.60 net.

Balfour, A. J., and others. Against Home Rule: the Case for the Union. Warne & Co. 50 cents net.

Borden, M. G. Jesus Christ Science of Healing and Living. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.

Brehaut, Ernest. An Encyclopedist of the Dark Ages, Isidore of Seville. Columbia University.

Brown, M. W. Northamptonshire (Cambridge Geographies). Putnam. 45 cents net.

Bruce, G. H. Lawyers, Doctors, and Preachers. Irvington Publishing Co.

Chandler, A. D. Express Trusts under the Common Law. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.25 net.

Chaucer. Selections, edited, with notes, by C. G. Child. Heath.

Clay, Mrs. J. M. The Sport of Kings. Racing Stories. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.

Coffey, P. Science of Logic. Vol. I. Longmans. $2.50 net.

Collier, W. M. At the Court of His Catholic Majesty. (King of Spain). Chicago: McClurg. $2 net.

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